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Looking Forward

THIS IS AN AGE wherein the wise man is suspicious of himself, and only the ass is cock-sure. For the back-drop has fallen out of the stage of the world, and the scenery is inside out. Things are not only seldom what they seem—they are almost certain not to be.

THE PROGRESS of the sciences is responsible for this. Life is no longer simple, it is highly complex—mainly, because we know it to be so. For this reason, both physically and intellectually speaking, old solutions must be scrutinized and re-tested, and the results re-stated in terms which every one can understand. All of life, spirit and nature must be surveyed once more. Civilization must be examined critically. Man must understand himself and his world anew, so that he can again be happy living in it.

IN A SENSE, this is the aim of journals such as this one. For the problems which beset all men some time, a journal such as this feels keenly every day. How is one man or any small group of men to understand all the varied and complex difficulties which modern life offers for solution?

TO OUR MIND, the answer for some time has seemed clear. Such a man or group of men should seek advice, not from any one specific authority; not from any set of editors or journalists. But from certain definitely recognized leaders and specialists, each fully informed in his own field. Each willing not only to be consulted but to write over his own signature, concerning his own special knowledge.

IN A FORTHCOMING ISSUE, we shall announce the names of the men whom the Outlook and Independent has sought, and who will therefore constitute for us not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence during the coming year, but its interpreters, as well.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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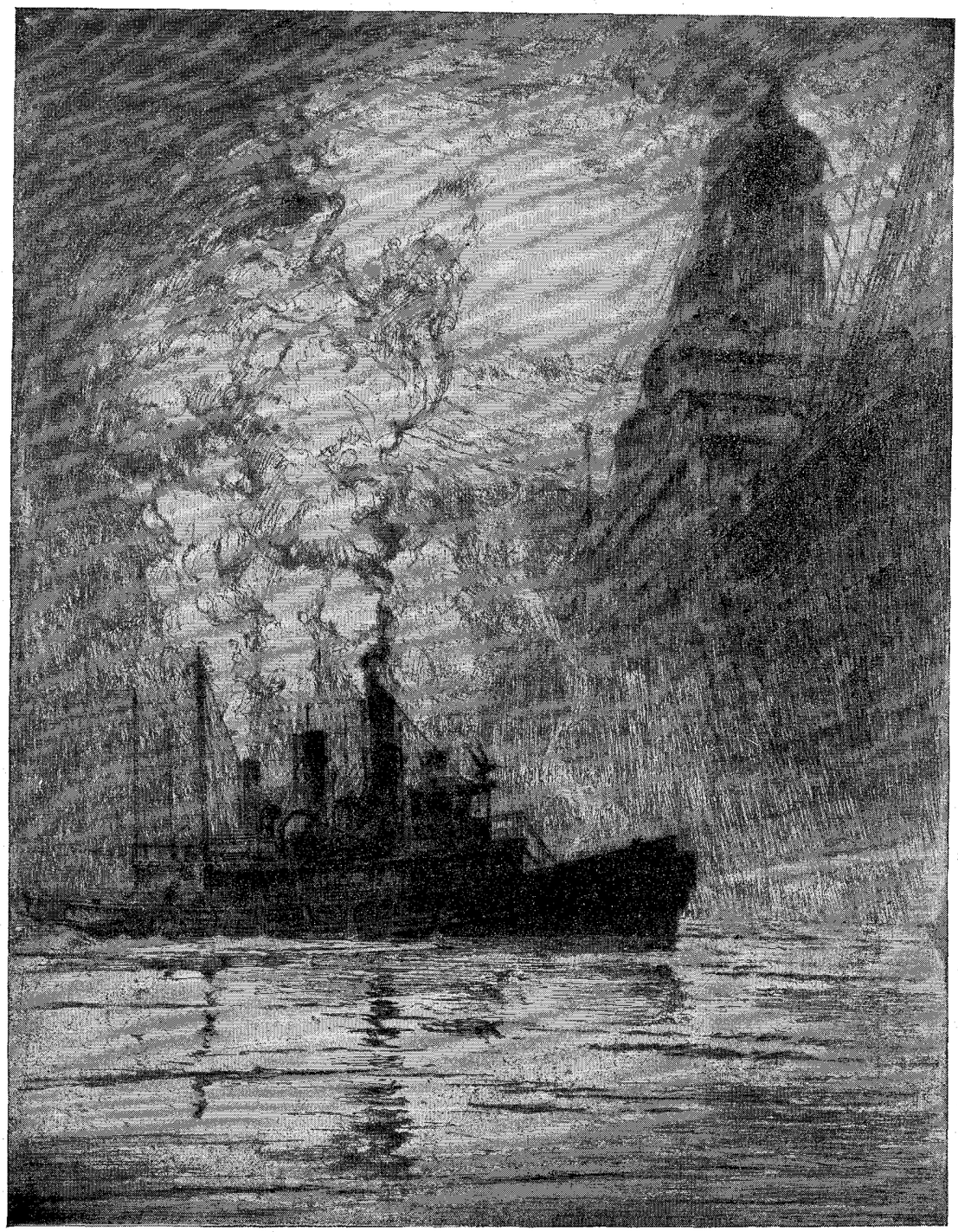

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ON THE RIVER

An etching by Martin Lewis

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Outlook

and Independent

February 27, 1929

Utopia College: A Prospectus

By ADDISON HIBBARD

The future of the Nation, from one point of view, lies with the colleges, for there most of our leaders will be trained. That educators recognize their responsibility is apparent from the number of experiments now being considered and from the abundant criticism coming from within the colleges themselves. Dr. Hibbard, author of "Our Truant Professors" in a recent number of the Outlook and Independent, is Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in the University of North Carolina. His article sets forth his own conception of the ideal college

IN AN America numbering its colleges and universities by the hundreds and its college students by the hundreds of thousands, there can be only one real and sufficient reason for the organization of yet another college: a conscientious effort to construct an institution which will in some way offer a sounder and a more worthy education to the youth of the country. With the millions of capital invested in higher education, with the thousands of professors trained in the traditions of the past, with an alumni body intent that its own sons should have an education not too different from what it enjoyed thirty years ago, with conservative trustees, conservative faculties and conservative student bodies, it is too much to expect any now-existent educational institution to do much more than repair its roof. What is needed is a new structure.

In the conviction that education lies in the possession of power within one's self rather than in the possession of a degree, the College of Utopia will attempt just one objective: to give her students an opportunity to develop themselves. Education, Utopia believes, is nothing more than offering to a student a chance to grow from within, though too often it is presented as something superimposed from without.

Vested interests of faculties, traditional manners of teaching—these things demand a new approach to education and make impossible a thorough reorganization of present college teaching. Departments have grown up simply because it was found convenient to teach a single block of history or a single branch of science—not because in actual life learning and truth present themselves in neatly compact compartments. Rather than sacrifice generations of students to worn-out inapplicabilities, Utopia ventures upon a new programme in the hope, if not of solving the problem, at least of improving educational technique and pointing the way to an ultimate solution.

Of late years our better colleges and State universities have dared much in experimentation. The tutorial system has been brought back at Harvard and Princeton; Swarthmore has developed a distinct and worthy form of "honors" work; the University of Wisconsin has created an Experimental College where students dig deeply into various civilizations; the Universities of Chicago and Minnesota and Columbia have attempted for certain of their students to correlate findings within different departments of learning. From all these efforts, and from others that have been made, much good has come and will continue to come. But as yet these various reforms have been tentative and restricted in their application. Utopia believes that it is time the most important of these advances in educational method were synthesized and brought into existence for a whole college and a genuine effort made to see just what can be done in an institution frankly trying to do its best, throughout its curriculum, for a body of intelligent youth.

In an effort to co-ordinate some of the most promising of these recent experiments and to formulate certain convictions of their own, the founders of Utopia lay down a few simple principles which will dictate curricula and methods.

Education must be for the individual. As such its primary concern must be with individual differences rather than with similarities. Pre-eminently, then, this demands individual instruction rather than large group instruction and precludes those formal and dogmatic "objectives" so often set forth in statements by liberal arts faculties. The chief distinction of an educated man is his ability to act intelligently under new and unusual circumstances and to this end the student should be given a wide acquaintance with the past experiences of mankind and a real understanding of the conditions determining and motivating life in modern civilization. To emphasize this quality of individuality and independence, important phases of the work at Utopia will be left to the student for independent study and report.

THE end of education is intelligence. The colleges of the country often make much of their desire to develop "character" and "leadership" and "Christian gentlemen." Utopia recognizes these qualities as distinctly valuable, but not believing that they can be directly taught in the classroom prefers to consider them as corollaries to the intelligent life and natural by-products of

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association with intelligent people seeking truth. Utopia believes, furthermore, that this intelligence is not a matter of the mind alone since any really liberal education must develop the imagination and the esthetic sense as well as the purely mental qualities. We are more concerned with promoting the art of living than the capacity to earn a living.

TRUE LEARNING presents itself in organic unity rather than intense diversification. Education cannot be measured by semester hours. It is more than a trading-stamp system of "credits" whereby the student, after diligently collecting a required number, is granted a diploma in exchange for his total number of "units." It is too much to hope that even intelligent students can dovetail such fragments into a coherent whole. Because of our faith in this organic quality of education, teaching at Utopia will not generally be broken up into departments such as English or botany or chemistry. It will rather be our effort to seek principles in whatsoever field they may be found and to correlate these truths irrespective of departmental divisions and of the specialist in learning. Only specialists do specialized things; man thinking is more important than man dividing. In an effort to recognize this essential unity, study at Utopia will center around four "subjects."

Science, as that phase of learning most rapidly developing in the Twentieth Century and most vitally influencing modern civilization, demands more attention than ordinarily given it in undergraduate instruction. With this conviction in mind, special emphasis at Utopia will be placed on scientific learning and scientific methods for the verification of truth, and on those principles of the social and natural sciences which affect every-day living in the Twentieth Century. This does not mean that major emphasis at Utopia will be placed on a scientific education, but it does mean that each student will be thrown more definitely into scientific study and method than is possible through the one or two courses commonly required.

In the belief, then, that the educational structure must be erected from the bottom up, and that a new learning for students grounded in these principles is needed, this prospectus is offered.

The government of Utopia will be in the hands of a Board of Trustees consisting of fourteen members: three educators (not pedagogues) of National reputation, three creative workers in the field of fine arts, three men of recognized business capacity and five leading scientists. This board will elect as the first president a man under forty years of age who shall be the sole administrative head of the college.

Directly under the trustees, the president will serve as the responsible authority in all matters of administration. The period for which a president may serve will be limited to five years at the expiration of which time he shall withdraw in favor of a successor elected from the faculty by joint agreement among the faculty and the trustees. The retiring president shall be ineligible for re-election for two years during which time he will be expected to serve on the faculty of the college and to give instruction to students. This provision is made to assure close familiarity with students and teaching problems on the part of the administration.

Such distinction as is made among various members of the faculty will be on the basis of salary rather than of title. All men will hold the rank of professor since all instruction, whether for first-year students or third-year students is to be recognized as of equal importance. Inasmuch as quality of teaching is a prerequisite for membership on the faculty, it is understood that instructors who do not maintain the standards of Utopia will be released from service. This seems a more efficient method than retaining such men indefinitely at a fixed salary while more deserving men are promoted.

UTOPIA will grant no degrees and award no diplomas. It is hoped that with the quality of work done in the college a student who leaves Utopia after residence of three or four years will bear in his own character and intelligence a mark of distinction superior to that guaranteed by degree or diploma. "Units" and "credits" will not be recognized. Such promotion from one part of work to another as need be made is to be based on proficiency rather than "semester hours" of work done. The nine months' college year will be a unit within itself undivided into terms or semesters, since the plan contemplates promotion from one phase of work to another at such time as a given piece of work shall have been satisfactorily completed. That the summer period may be genuinely used for recreation and reading, no classes will be held during the months of July, August, and September.

Since it is expected that students requesting admission to Utopia will ultimately outnumber the maximum enrollment of five hundred, it is planned to start a waiting list when this shall be necessary. Students will understand that their place on the roll of the college once given up must be assigned to some one on this list.

Discipline at Utopia will be entirely in the hands of the president of the college. No honor system will be attempted and faculty members will not be expected to serve as proctors. Since formal course requirements (as usually understood) are put aside, examinations will be superfluous and most of the usual disciplinary problems will disappear, When it develops, however, that any student is for any reason not utilizing the advantages placed before him, the president shall investigate the case and shall alone determine whether expulsion is necessary. A student once expelled (no suspension penalties will be imposed) will never be eligible for return to this college. The president will simply notify the next student on the waiting list.

STUDENTS are admitted to Utopia in any of three ways. First, any student who has been graduated from a school which graduates as many as two hundred students a year will be admitted upon his presenting evidence that he stood in the top ten per cent of his class. Second, students from other preparatory or high schools will be admitted in the event that they take the "content" and psychological examination at Utopia and pass both of these with an average over ninety per cent. Third, students who have had little or no formal academic preparation will be admitted provided they are over twenty-one years of age and show a mental capacity to benefit by the work at Utopia through passing our psychological tests with a standing above ninety-five.

The only uniform requirement which all students must meet is that each before being accepted as a matriculant must present convincing evidence that he has supported himself by his own labor for at least twelve months before he applies at Utopia. Students transferring from other institutions will be received only if they meet the above requirements and are willing to start at the bottom of the Utopian curriculum.

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Women and men will be accepted in as nearly equal numbers as the entrance requirements permit. It is the aim of the college to have no more than three hundred or less than two hundred students of either sex at one time.

Since Utopia College is neither an eleemosynary nor a commercial institution, all students will be required to pay a fair share of the actual cost, excepting interest on building investments and property, of their education. The founders believe that this principle of paying for what one receives is a wholesome one. The cost of instruction and living will be prorated each term and students will be required to pay either in cash at the end of the term or to sign notes (interest at six per cent) which must be paid ten years from the date of leaving Utopia. Normally the actual cost of such education to the student will not exceed $1,200 a year.

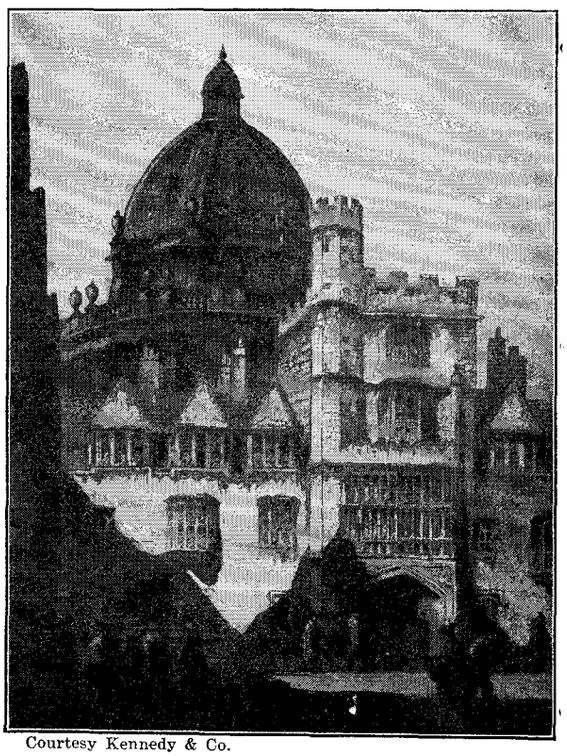
No student will be allowed to support himself in any way while at college; the nature of the work at Utopia will be such as to demand concentrated attention on studies and cultural development. In order that worthy students of ability may benefit by the work at this college, it is hoped that a generous number of scholarships, covering half of the annual expenses, will be offered by interested people. In no event will scholarships covering all expenses be granted, since the founders believe that even needy students should pay at least half of their expenses by long-term notes, if necessary.

The course of study at Utopia will not atempt all fields of human knowledge. In the conviction that perhaps the chief evil of the education now offered in our colleges of liberal arts is the lack of unity or of a definitely conceived purpose, Utopia, rightly or wrongly, will attempt to offer its students only such courses as directly bear on its immediate purpose.

To the founders of this college it appears that three questions most persistently perplex mankind, most uniformly seek solution and most directly relate to his well-being: From what past does mankind come, what is his duty and purpose in being, and what, throughout his centuries of existence has his experience led him to think the end of existence, the good life? That these questions cannot be answered dogmatically we recognize; but at the same time we realize that to these questions all intelligent energy and thought are ultimately directed. And around these three questions our curriculum will be built; the unity for which we shall strive will be the unity of life itself.

To this end, then, will our curriculum be devised. And in our attempt to orient our students in life, we shall expect each to pursue four fields of study:

I. Man and the Past.
II. Man and Nature.
III. Man and Society.
IV. Man and the World of Thought.



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BRASENOSE COLLEGE GATEWAY, OXFORD

An etching by Andrew Affleck

The first of these, Man and the Past, will be studied by students first entering Utopia with the purpose of securing a clear picture of the past record of man through the ages to the present. The material for this study will be such evidence as is brought through history, geology, anthropology and the ancient and modern literatures. Much of the material, of course, will be no different from that utilized in other colleges. But Utopia's approach will be original.

The second unit of study, Man and Nature, is designed to show the order obtaining in the universe, the scientific methods of investigation, as well as to relate the findings of the various physical and natural sciences as to the origin, growth and development of man and his place in nature. The evidence for this programme will be such as is ordinarily presented through the departments of astronomy, biology, physics, chemistry and psychology.

Man and Society, the third broad division of study, will present the place of man in his relation to society. The work here should afford the student a clear understanding of his responsibility to his fellow men, his place as an individual functioning in a complex social régime and the demands placed on him by his position in the political and governmental programme of democratic America. The material for this work will be drawn from a co-ordinating of the findings of economics, sociology, geography, politics and government and ethics.

For the last programme of the Utopia student is reserved the more speculative subject—Man and the World of Thought. The study in this field will afford a resumé of the past philosophies and world religions and a pointing out of what agreements may be found common to the various teachings. Customs and morals under different civilizations will be taken up and an effort made to present something like a synthesis of the spiritual heritage of man. There will be no attempt to formulate convictions for the student: he will rather be left quite to himself to relate these findings into some workable basis for his own guidance. It is felt that after such training as the student will have had in his earlier study of history and the natural and social sciences, he will be peculiarly fitted for this speculative phase.

Inasmuch as this approach to education is unconventional, the founders of Utopia will insist, that, once the faculty is engaged, at least two years be utilized, before the college opens, to bring the specialists of the faculty together and allow them to co-ordinate material which has ordinarily been presented through departments. Various syllabi will be drawn up and laboratories, planned to present ideas and principles rather than departmentalized knowledge, will be designed and equipped.

In addition to the four fields of study suggested above, each student must show: 1. a reading knowledge of two languages or a complete speaking and literary knowledge of one; 2. proficien-

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cy in such higher mathematics as is usually considered of college grade; and 3. an intelligent appreciation of music and the related fine arts.

Since the purpose of education at Utopia is distinctly conceived and is designed only for such students as may be attracted to its plan, little elective work will be allowed. Students studying individually with the faculty in close co-operation will work through the body of reading, the syllabi, the conferences, the group meetings, as fast as their individual capacities will permit. As there are no formal "credit hours" to be secured, students will be "graduated" at such time as the faculty feels that proficiency in the work of the curriculum has been secured. Though there will be no formal commencement, no awarding of diplomas, students requesting statements of their attendance at Utopia will be given printed forms certifying the length of their attendance at the college. Because of the individual quality of the instruction and the rigid restrictions governing admissions, it may be assumed that normally the training of the college will not require more than three years. After this period students should be ready to follow graduate work or professional study in the best institutions of America and Europe.

THE FACULTY will consist of some sixty men selected for two qualities —their knowledge of their field and their previous success as undergraduate teachers. As the number of students at Utopia will never exceed five hundred, a faculty of this size will afford close personal contact between instructor and student. The ratio will be one professor for each eight students. Since the salaries at Utopia will range from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, and since necessarily the men attracted to this experiment in education will ordinarily be young men in their thirties and forties, it is expected that Utopia will be able to hold its faculty together long enough to build up a permanent staff characterized by unusual capacity and a willingness to co-operate.

Instruction at Utopia will be characterized by two qualities: it will be more than usually personal since the instructors will be in close contact with a few students seeking guidance, and, second, the basis for learning will generally be principles and laws rather than isolated facts within restricted departments of learning.

In the general run of the work at Utopia, the basis of discussion will be small groups of four or five students in charge of two or three professors representing different fields of learning. The group will meet for two hours at a time listening to original papers prepared by one or two students on some phase of the subject and discussing the reports read under guidance of the faculty members. It will be the intention of the instructors to leave as much of the responsibility as possible to the student group though the professors will be present to avoid too frequent error and to suggest neglected phases of thought. Arguments will be common and faculty members will be privileged to disagree with the findings of students or of one another. Because of the small size of these groups it will be possible to adjourn at any time to a laboratory for an experiment or to the library for reference material. Informality will characterize each meeting.

In some of the more elementary programmes of study, those concerned largely with an undebatable body of facts, the student will be given a syllabus with complete references and be asked to work out his own salvation reporting only from time to time to the instructor assigned duty in that programme.

From the equipment point of view the library and the various science laboratories will form the heart of the college. These will be open at all times to all students and will be designed to render a maximum of service.

Toward the close of the student's life at Utopia, he will be assigned a piece of study in a phase of thought attractive to him and, entirely unaided by suggestion or guidance from the faculty, will work out his own analysis and report for this subject. For most students this topic will be such as to demand original thinking. This piece of work, together with a comprehensive examination to come later, will be the two most important formal criteria for judging the calibre of the student.

AT SUCH TIME as the faculty feels a student has progressed far enough through the body of knowledge demanded by the Utopian standards and has learned adequately to pursue a subject himself and master it, he will be given a comprehensive examination. That the student may realize that his instructors are really counsellors rather than weighers and gaugers of the knowledge he has mastered, these examinations will largely be set by a board of examiners selected from other colleges of the country.

This examination will be conducted according to this routine: Each year a Board of Examiners will be selected by the faculty of Utopia, but since these men are naturally working in their own college as specialists in their subjects, they will be asked to submit topics demanding broad information and which, preferably, overlap into related fields. From this large number of set topics a faculty committee familiar with the student's work will select five or six to assign to the student for written report. The student will be given three hours to discuss each topic; the papers will then be sent for reading and approval to the professor submitting the question. Upon his recommendation, rather than upon any opinion of Utopia professors, the student will be deemed capable or incapable.

THE SITE for Utopia will be selected near one of the large cities. To insure a concentration of activity, to prevent future growth in emulation of sister colleges, and to insure a compact working unity, the campus should not be over forty acres in extent. Naturally the site will be chosen to include such essentials as healthful climate, all possible natural advantages, ready access to large artistic and cultural centers, and freedom from distractions likely to go with intense industrial development and social artificialities.

Before launching upon a building programme it will be a primary concern of the trustees to secure the best architectural advice available to insure a harmonious and practical type of construction. The building plan now contemplated places the library as the center of the college that it may occupy the most commanding position the site affords. Surrounding this structure will be various buildings housing the physical sciences, music, an art gallery and museum, an auditorium, an infirmary and a gymnasium. The library itself will afford most of the teaching space essential for the Utopia curriculum. The central heating plant, store-rooms, and other necessary out-buildings will be removed from the main campus to a secluded section. And remote from the working unit of the college will be erected a small stadium to seat one thousand people, this structure to be used

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The Army of the Future

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

MOST of us, when we think of the next war, think of it in terms of entire nations in arms. We also visualize it in terms of great masses of heavy artillery, of squadrons of airplanes and airships, of flocks of tanks, deadly chemicals, and—at long last, grudgingly—of infantry. We hardly give a thought to cavalry. So scornful have most military experts grown in their attitude toward this erstwhile honored arm since the Great War that they have taught the world to consider a warrior on a horse as much out of place as a horse on a motor speedway.

But now along comes a military expert, one of the most prominent living, with four solid years of World War experience behind him, to make the astounding assertion that the next war to be fought right, should be fought by small armies, with cavalry playing an important rôle.

"Who is this man?" we ask. "Surely he ought to have his skull examined."

But we are wrong. He is no candidate for an asylum. He is none other than General Von Seeckt, until recently commander-in-chief of the "Reichswehr," Germany's post-war army—an officer reputed to know so much about fighting, and to be so keen to put Germany on a fighting footing again, that the French, backed by Germans averse to sabre rattling, did not rest until he was placed on the retired list.

Von Seeckt made a fine record in the World War. He was chief of staff to Von Mackensen when the latter won some of his most spectacular victories and there are those in Germany who say that the credit for them should have gone to him rather than his superior officer, for all the latter's eagle glance and martial bearing. Von Mackensen, they sneer, owed his position and glory largely to the fact that he was a friend of Wilhelm Hohenzollern—the real compeller of victory, according to them, was Von Seeckt. Be that as it may, where the two were, victory was; and, though Von Mackensen got the lion's share of the advertising, the name of his chief of staff stood high in honor among military connoisseurs.

Von Seeckt's war experience was all with masses of men; with huge armies constantly kept up to their maximum strength by huge drafts of new fighters from embattled Germany behind the front. Yet, in a book by him just published in his native land, which he calls "Gedanken eines Soldaten" ("Thoughts of a Soldier") he advances the revolutionary opinion that a "nation in arms" is by no means so practical an instrument for waging modern warfare as a small, highly trained, professional army—the sort of army that used to fight battles many years ago and which we had grown to believe would never figure again in major wars.

But Von Seeckt thinks it will—with a strong admixture of cavalry to make

Wide World

GENERAL VON SEECKT

Former chief of the Reichswehr who believes that small armies should fight future wars

it look even more unlike the ultra-modern army visualized by us. He believes that mobility has been sacrificed in modern warfare to what he calls, borrowing a French phrase, the *"fureur du nombre"*—the mania for operating with armies consisting of enormous numbers of soldiers. And mobility, to him, is the quality most to be desired in an army.

Moreover, he writes, modern warfare calls for an immense amount of technical knowledge in a soldier and a most complicated and costly equipment. It is impossible, according to him, to instil into millions of raw recruits, called up at the outbreak of war, the knowledge necessary to make them into good modern soldiers; nor is it possible to equip them with the arms and other accessories required by the high technical development of present-day military art. The expense alone of such equipment is sufficient to prevent even the richest nation from turning itself into a "nation in arms."

For this reason the German expert visualizes a future war conducted primarily by small, highly trained, professional armies, efficiently aided by aircraft and by considerable bodies of cavalry. Each soldier in these armies will have not only the most modern equipment but he will have been so carefully drilled in the use of it during peace times that he will be, at the outbreak of war, a skilled technical specialist as well as a fighter.

If, in the course of the war, inventors discover a deadlier form of armament, continues Von Seeckt, it will be a comparatively easy matter to turn it out in sufficient quantity to equip the fighting force—a far easier proceeding than endeavoring to equip armies composed of millions of men with new weapons and teach them their use. It will also be infinitely cheaper than manufacturing, say, millions of rifles of a new and expensive type and, in addition, discarding millions of old ones suddenly grown obsolete.

"The keeping in stock of modern war material for armies of millions of men has become impossible, especially when it is borne in mind that these masses of men, having received little training as soldiers, require to an especially high degree the aid of armament," writes Von Seeckt. "The piling up of huge reserve stocks of war material is the most uneconomic thing imaginable; moreover, in view of the fact that, in the natural course of events, this material is bound to become antiquated, such reserves are of doubtful value from a military point of view. For instance, what could be more futile than piling up a reserve of thousands of airplanes, which—sometimes after only a year has elapsed since their construction—have been rendered utterly worthless by the invention of new types?"

Behind the front the German general would have a body of trained reserves ready to fill up the ranks of the small army in the fighting line in proportion as they became depleted by

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The Sheep Men Come Back

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Six months to a year alone on the open range, two thousand sheep for companions, twenty to thirty dollars a month and chuck for pay—the life of the sheepherder does not sound particularly alluring. Yet sheepherding is coming back, writes Mr. Morrow from the Southwest, and the sheepherder is attracting to himself some of the glamour which used to be reserved for the cowboy

DOWN in West Texas I heard the story of Jim Hughes, the faultless sheepherder. Jim hove into Pecos City broke, bedraggled and generally bedamned. And it seemed that there were only two possibilities of legitimate employment, washing dishes or herding sheep. Jim flipped a borrowed penny and took the latter. It appeared further that a drink-hardened old gentleman with gout and ingrown impulses for execration, had a couple thousand head of sheep that he wanted driven out to free range. Jim Hughes joined on as a herder—$25 a month and chuck—took over the flock, headed it for the mesas, and as the season progressed, followed free grazing higher and higher into the mountains.

When the year was pretty well used and lambing season finished with, he headed back to Pecos for shearing, after ten good months of roughing it on a track of better than five hundred miles of open range. Jim went to give over his flock and collect pay.

But the boss wasn't there. It seems that he had been demonstrating to some wondering native how easily stick dynamite burns. But it happened not to be the right sort of dynamite. The boss had left for parts unknown with parts unfound. Jim drowned his sorrow with a couple of schooners of beer and asked advice.

Some said one thing and some said another, but the fact remained that there were the sheep, corralled for shearing, without water and without feed. So Jim went ahead with the shearing and took his flock out to range again. Another year passed and he came again to Pecos for shearing and settlement. This time he talked with a lawyer; but the legal mind required a week or so to function, and while it was functioning—there were near twenty-five hundred sheep in the pen going hungry.

Jim peddled enough wool to buy a scant stock of supplies and took to the free range for another long year. Next spring he headed into Pecos for a third time. By now Jim Hughes looked his part—shoes cut to shreds, clothes hanging in tatters, and moreover he bore the coloring and aroma of a Mexican professional. But there was his flock, plump and placid, increased a good fifty per cent during the three seasons. Jim sought the county judge and village physician, a gentleman with a legal mind and a medicinal breath. The statutes of Texas had no good-sized mouthful to say on the subject but the judge interpreted that so far as he and Texas were concerned, the flock belonged to Jim Hughes.

Jim took his sheep, three thousand head of them, and sold them there in Pecos, $1.50 each, cash on the barrel head. This done he bought himself a new shirt and a square meal, and invested in a few zestful drinks for himself and for the shearing crew. Then he put the balance of the cache in a merry-go-round—a gorgeous one with an organ that sounded off like a steam calliope; blood-red horses, flashing mirrors and a donkey engine with a whistle that would startle a liner.

It may be, of course, that this culmination of complete herding was all a mere whim of Fate; but the spectators in the Pecos country figure that it represents something, that it is a connotative of the spirit of a lost profession that is coming to be found again. In other words, a merry-go-round has points in common with sheepherding—you keep everlastingly going around and around. The old-time sheepherder is coming back again, taking over free ranges left deserted, incidentally coming back to claim at least a rim of the halo of romance which has so long been the tenure of the cowboy.

COWBOYS come and cowboys go, but sheepherders seem to remain pretty much the same. The centuries bring them little change; the open-range herder of today is probably very much the same as the open-range herder of Biblical days. He still carries his crook, made of a limb of valley cottonwood, and with it prods a stray or takes down a sheep to examine it for wounds or disease. The chances are too, that tucked away in the herder's right pants' pocket is a slingshot. And the chances are further that providing the boss isn't too embarrassingly close at hand, he uses it, just as the shepherds did back in the days of David. But if the boss is around there is apt to be another story. Either that, or else another herder.

For a slingshot in sheepherding plays pretty much the same rôle as a bean shooter in the public-school system. From a standpoint of discipline, it is looked upon as a mischief-maker. But privately the weapon has its points of usefulness. The herder may use it to save steps. Suppose he sees a spry lamb or wether straying off from the flock. He can slip a rock into the pouch, give the sling a couple of whirls and away goes the rock, whizzing close by the fugitive, heading the strayer back into the flock. This is the case theoretically, at least. But practically speaking, the slingshot is liable to miss making a miss and hit the mark, possibly breaking the sheep's leg or rib. Or the herder might lose his temper and deliberately bombard a refractory member; he might use his slingshot to idle away hours better spent at making his roundings, or even to pick pugnacities with a passer-by.

THE HERDER may claim the right to carry a sling for protection against the wolves and coyote; but many employers specify that the herder is to dismiss these troubles by shooing them off; a proposition, which, so far as the herder is concerned, goes off like a one-legged man with a sprained ankle. But bosses have a way of holding out.

So the herder has his crook, the clothes on his back, his water bag, poncho, the promise of beef and beans and salt, a dog, possibly, first and last responsibility for a couple of thousand sheep, an open stretch of mountains and mesas for a playground, and the sun and stars to guide by.

The chances are that these are about all he has—approximately the least a man can get by on. Which is, in a way, altogether fitting and proper, for sheepherding is a man's job. It takes iron inwards, nerves of steel and the endurance of a Roman trooper.

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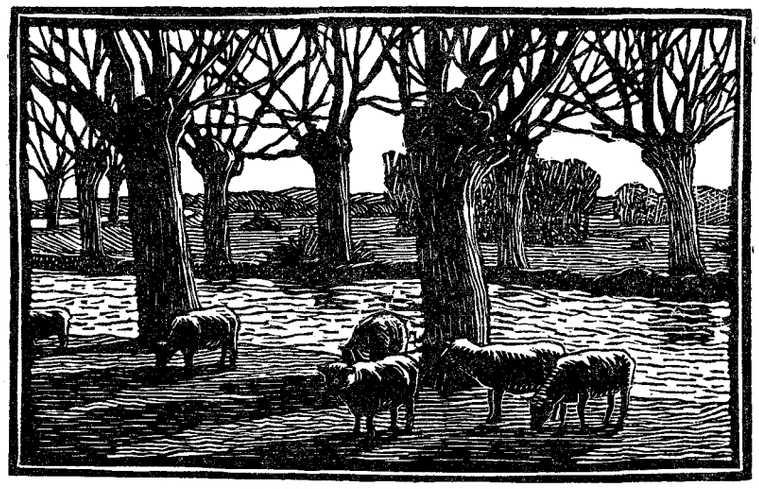
Here is a general idea of an easy day at sheepherding. Sheep are up at sunrise. Punctual as West Pointers, they get up and start browsing. So the herder must be up and about even sooner. The average flock of open-range sheep numbers about two thousand head; sometimes less, sometimes more, but consistently close to two thousand, and very rarely is there more than the one herder to the flock.

The sheepherder's motivating principal is to keep the whole two thousand always in check, which probably sounds easier than it is. A flock of open-range sheep will spread over a good square mile of grazing space, and to make out on the range the chances are that the sheep will have to be kept moving along at the rate of two or three miles a day; more on frost-killed range, or in the dry country. So the herder gets stirring early. He makes for the highest convenient hill if there is one, a promontory from which he can best watch the meanderings of the various segments of the flock. Sheep are clannish creatures. A flock of two thousand will break itself into a dozen sub-flocks and move out in as many directions as New Orleans molasses on a restaurant waffle. Sometimes, by way of a double check, the herder will labor to have a belled wether with every clan; a castrate, that is, with a brass or copper bell tied about its neck. These bells tinkle away incessantly; the sounds carry far in the high, clear air and the keen-eared herder will learn to recognize the tones of the various bells, thereby being enabled to hear further than he can see.

So directly after breakfast the herder starts out from his lookout hill and walks around and around his flock heading stray groups back to center—not driving them back, better say shooing, perhaps, for on a scant range a flock must keep far spread. And if the herder knows the psychology of sheep, which he most likely does, he can save himself no end of trouble by calling to them, soft and soulful-like. Soothing and folkish sounds, these sheep calls are, half words, half chants—"Soooo-ooo-shee-eee-eeep. Soo-hooo-ooo, lo-o-o-e-e-ee, soulou, shhaaa-deeeah, ooooo-baaaaah, ca-pull-looo," and so on, far into the night; variations without end.

So he tramps his rounds, four miles a-going at the least, nearer eight, actually, perhaps, for mesa miles are long miles. The herder keeps rounding until the sun is high and the day is tired. Then the noon lull comes. The flock quiets and a good portion of it beds down to sleep. If all appears well the herder may possibly have opportunity to take out his poncho, a liberal dimensioned, tarred slicker, with combination utilities, spread it, and nap, or better say, cat-nap; for his nether eye is supposed to be open. When the flock commences making out for afternoon grazing he begins his tramp again, around and around he goes, until sunset or thereafter; then the time is come for the labor of bedding in. The propelling idea, then, is to head for a good mesa or a stretch of high country approximately level, where danger from freshets and varmints is at a minimum; there to assemble the whole flock in an area of a few acres, so the sheep may be watched during the night.

If the fates smile and the signs are good, the herder may scoop out a place for his hips, spread his poncho there underneath the open sky and make ready for slumber; slumber with restrictions and limitations. There are strange night noises and likely enough varmints in the offing and any one can feel assured that to get up and shoo off a bellicose timber wolf at three o'clock in the morning is practically no fun at all. And if it rains there is danger, for sheep sleeping in an aroya may be drowned and the difficulties of moving out again next morning with a water-soaked flock are several. The herder must take to devious ways of self protection in case of mountain freshets. The folk way is to lay four rocks on a slope, one for each knee, one for each elbow. Then the herder kneels, his poncho over him like a tent. Thus the water drains from beneath him, but an hour of such crouching is enough to permanently paralyze an ordinary in-doors man.



"SHEEP BY THE RIVER"

A wood engraving by Gwendolyn Raverat

The chances are that the open-range herder is a Mexican or a hybrid thereof. But one can never tell. He may be a Chinese or an Englishman or a New Yorker. The chances are also that he draws from twenty to thirty dollars a month payable at shearing time and sustenance based upon the trinity of beans, beef and coffee. Certainly he is not pampered by over-dainty cookery or double-downy beds. Luck being with him he may be able to vary his monotony of diet with wild berries or fruit from an aroya orchard, or even to spend a night in the quarters of a Mexican farmer, but the chances are pretty scant.

Sheepherding is a year around game. Its first and last law is to keep eternally moving; two or three miles a day, more if the range is scant, day in and day out, six months to a year at a circuit. Generally the herder has a double impetus for keeping on the move—if he doesn't the flock suffers and he goes hungry himself. Supplies, grub for the herder, salt for the sheep and necessary incidentals, are left at prescribed intervals along the grazing route by the outfit's chuck wagon; ricked in the open usually and covered with rocks or tarpaulins. At any rate the placing is so reckoned that the herder must keep on moving or go without eating. And the lonesomeness of the open range is sufficient per se, without the added impediments of an empty stomach. So the alternative is—keep to course or starve.

The worst bugaboo of open-range herding is the water hazard. Sheep can go for a week without water, but after a week without a drink they want water and want it bad. So the general idea is to keep the flock not further than

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From the Life

Wonders

By IBBY HALL

SHE COULD scarcely remember how old she was, but then it was not worth remembering. She had learned that much in her travels. With the entire world waiting to be looked at one had soon to find out what things were worth remembering.

But she certainly could remember how the world had appeared when she was first born into it. She always thought of it as her first birth for she had found that everything that happened to her was a sort of new birth. At that first one the world had looked enormous. With every new discovery of it the world stretched further and appeared wider.

In the beginning there was the house. The hallways were endless; it was inconceivable to think that they ever stopped going anywhere. The stairs plunged downward into unknown darknesses or soared into unimagined heights. What stretched beyond the attics she could never think.

The house led to another beginning—the beginning of the outside. The outside rushed away from her in all directions. She could never see the end of it or imagine where it went to.

There was one day when she felt she had begun to catch up with it. Her father had taken her in his carriage, and two great creatures called horses had dashed off over the cobble-stones pulling the carriage and herself behind them. They came quickly to the end of the street and to her wonder and stupefaction she saw where the street jumped overboard and disappeared under water.

There was another street along which they now drove behind the prancing horses, a street of earth and dust. There was no end to this street. The houses that lived along it grew tired and stopped.

After that, just to think about it made her feel as though she were drinking water too fast—quite breathless and excited. The streets that led to water to be crossed, or wilderness to be explored, was there no ending to any of them?

From the beginning, the world had all it could do to keep up with her. It managed to provide her first with carriages and boats, with horse-cars, then with great iron monsters snorting steam; and finally it produced an ocean liner for her pleasure.

But as the clock went round it told off the world. Like the house which she had been born in and the town that she had known, the world was becoming an old, familiar picture. Before she had seen all of it, even, she could well imagine the rest.

FOR SHE had found the greatest wonder of all unfolding within herself; that she could sit quite still and look at stranger worlds than she had traveled through, by a new kind of looking. She found herself looking in this way at places she had never seen; at countries that lay behind other people's eyes, and wonders that sprang from other people's spirits. When she discovered this she stopped traveling about the world and went home.

For, somewhere, she owned a house. It was a strongly built house, close to the ground and welded to rock. The street on which it stood had once been quiet and far up town, but when she returned to it she could see that it had become part of the city. Where it had looked out before upon quiet sidewalks, its windows now were fascinated by new and changing faces, its walls bemused by hurrying footsteps.

This was her house. From cellar floor to roof she would fill it with treasures. She would have no further need of the world for she had brought it home with her.

Now she counted life by faces and by windows. For amazingly, above her small house, windows grew overnight; higher and higher—crowding above the small one where she sat—gazing down into the narrow street. And for every new window appearing against the sky, a hundred new faces—a hundred new worlds—rushed past her door. So lovely and so strange and so gallant that at last she could not resist them.

She would hurry to her room, put on her cloak and bonnet and slip through her own front door to be jostled and pushed and tumbled in the warm tide. That was better—now she was herself a world, lost in a breathless universe.

But all this time the visitors grew worse. When she had first come home they had begun to bother her. Unlike the faces that her imagination loved and pursued the visitors all looked alike. When they came to see her they used identical words, for they had only one idea. The neighborhood was crowded. The noise was unendurable. The confusion was worse with every year. Did she not feel the need of rest and peace? Did she not wish to move to a quieter spot? Did she know how valuable her property had become?

Patiently she would answer "No," to all these questions. Then the visitors threatened her. The crowds would drive her out. In the end she would be beaten by the crowds.

When they were gone she would sit beside the window and watch the crowds. She would lean close and press her cheek upon the pane straining her eyes upward to catch the last glint of sun on the highest skyscraper. For all around her now the skyscrapers soared, and above them the airships hummed and buzzed. They promised her there would be more crowds and greater crowds. Faces, and still stranger and lovelier faces. She would run then to fetch her cloak and bonnet for her evening pilgrimage.

For around the corner the lights were beginning to blaze and into these lights the faces on her street would now be pouring. Lights that sprang higher and higher forcing back the stars and flinging a carpet of daylight for those millions of feet.

AS TIME went on the windows grew into a milky way above her house, until her street was never quiet. Until an evening when she had turned off the street called Broadway, through the cold air toward home, and saw it—the new face. She stopped and pressed her hand against her side.

"This is the only one I have not seen," she said, and knew she was too cold. She took out her latch-key and once inside her house, closed the door.

"They can have it now," she whispered. "I shall be leaving directly." She remembered then that she had traveled nearly a hundred years. And going to the window she traced once more the reach of the highest skyscraper; and beyond it—in dread and curiosity, but with a rising excitement—the stars.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

WHEN a man writes a play like "Strange Interlude," it is only natural that his next offering should be awaited with high expectation. Which accounts in large measure, perhaps, for the disappointment which seems to have ensued on the presentation of Eugene O'Neill's "Dynamo" by the Theatre Guild.

For our part, we went expecting a piece that would be even more striking in its idea than "Strange Interlude," treated with a finished artistry which was denied to the previous play. True, we had read statements by Mr. O'Neill that he was doing "big work"—in a "big way." And this dashed our hopes a little. But we reflected that egotism is consistent with genius; and that very possibly Mr. O'Neill was really doing something big.

It is disappointing to record that he hasn't. To our mind, "Dynamo" is not in the same class with "Strange Interlude," theatrically speaking. Nor is its idea so striking. Only in its undoubted flares of theatrical genius and in some of its characterizations is it up to the level of most of Mr. O'Neill's dramas. More: its idea is so obscured by the idiosyncrasies of the author that it ends by being absurd instead of commanding.

Two ideas appear in the play—both of them obscured by this curious complex in the dramatist. The first is, that no matter what vision of God men hold in their hearts, their actions will be practically identical if they hold the vision fanatically. The second is, that back of most of man's emotional longings and religious aspirations is the desire to return in the end to his mother's womb.

The story that illustrates these ideas is simple—being, in effect, the conflict between an old-fashioned clergyman, who reveres Jehovah, the God of Genesis, as his God, and his son, Reuben, who cleaves to the new God of science and finally symbolizes him as the electric Dynamo. Both men seek to propitiate the God of their choosing; both try to consecrate themselves to their God's service, and both view sex with an almost insane fear, because of woman's ability to deflect them from what they consider the spiritual aim of existence.

Luckily for the audience, O'Neill, the dramatist, has been able occasionally to knock down O'Neill, the thinker, so that the working out of this story includes much genuine theatre. Next door to the minister and his son lives an atheist, (manager of an electric-light plant, of course), his wife and seductive daughter. Despite the antagonism and controversy between the atheist and the preacher, Reuben falls in love with the girl. Moved by a Mephistofelian sense of humor, the atheist (by pretending he is a murderer) shows up to his pretty daughter the falseness beneath the religious pretensions of his neighbors, with the result that the son is disillusioned by his father, made a fool of before the girl with whom he is in love, and at last brought face to face with what he considers the weakness of his own nature. Forthwith, he leaves both family and girl.

He returns a complete agnostic, so far as his father's God is concerned; but fanatical in his devotion to a new concept of God symbolized by the dynamo. As a worker in the electric-light plant, he repeats the spiritual conflict of his father and is tortured by the pull between the spirit and the flesh, until, as a sacrifice to his new God, he shoots the girl who attracts him sexually, and electrocutes himself on the altar of the dynamo.

All this is presented most effectively, with the daughter played by Claudette Colbert, the atheist magnificently presented by Dudley Digges, and the religious side of the picture competently played by George Gaul, as the old minister, and Glenn Anders as Reuben, his son—not to mention Catherine Doucet as the mooning wife of the atheist, and Helen Westley as the rather improbable wife of the minister. The inside of the electric power plant is shown stretching to the very top of the proscenium of the theatre, and the play is sibilant with thunder storms and the hum and throb of electric wires. The old God of nature is clearly shown to be electric phenomena. And so far as scenic production and theatrical invention are concerned, the presentation is effective.

YET, WHAT can really be said for the idea? In our own opinion, not very much. A curious obsession seems to present itself increasingly in Mr. O'Neill's plays: a fear of sex, dragging itself like a cloud over whole philosophies. In this sense, "Dynamo" is merely "Strange Interlude" and the "Great God Brown" all over again, without the flashes of insight and the supporting facts which make these plays so noteworthy. Mr. O'Neill presents

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Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Little Accident. AMBASSADOR. Deftly acted, excellently written comedy; the love story of two very modern young people with clashing ideas.

Strange Interlude. JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

The Kingdom of God. ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE. Ethel Barrymore's triumph.

The Front Page. TIMES SQUARE. Humor, drama and thrills in a newspaper press room.

The Age of Innocence. EMPIRE. A complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago; and Katherine Cornell.

Street Scene. PLAYHOUSE. Realistic tragedy in a broken-down brownstone front somewhere in Manhattan.

Cyrano de Bergerac. HAMPDEN. Walter Hampden in a popular revival.

Serena Blandish. MOROSCO. A fabulous comedy which relates the adventures of a young lady on matrimony bent.

Wings over Europe. ALVIN. A good old-fashioned melodrama in which a youthful scientist discovers the key to the universe.

Paris. MUSIC BOX. Ordinary farce much enlivened by Irene Bordoni.

Holiday. PLYMOUTH. Sparkling drawing-room comedy about people who have more money than they want.

Gypsy. KLAW. Claiborne Foster in what the program calls a play about a girl with a gypsy heart.

With Music

Show Boat. ZIEGFELD. Still the best in town; romance, exquisite settings and music to match.

This Year of Grace. SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

Three Cheers. GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

Whoopee. NEW AMSTERDAM. Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld settings.

Follow Thru. CHANIN. An attractive lot of youthful entertainers will make you have a grand time along with them; very casually about golf.

Under the Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

Hold Everything. BROADHURST. Everybody likes this.

Animal Crackers. 44TH STREET. The Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

New Moon. IMPERIAL. Another good costume musical show.

Blackbirds. ELTINGE. If you like colored revues, this is an excellent one.

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The Trend of Events

A Weapon for Peace

Senator Capper has succeeded in what he undertook. When he introduced his resolution to put an embargo on war supplies for a nation that makes war in violation of the Kellogg Peace Pact, he said that he had submitted it to start discussion. And the discussion has promptly started.

Some of the embers of the old fire of controversy about the League of Nations have been stirred. They are smoldering; but they do not readily burst into flame. There are no antagonistic personalities, such as Wilson and Lodge, to work the bellows that make emotions take fire. At least no one is warning us that if we do not adopt the Capper Resolution we shall break the heart of the world; and no one is answering, "Let it break!" No; our editorial writers and thinkers are taking the proposal calmly, looking it over and giving it comparatively cool judgment.

Of course, there are a few who see in the embargo plan a scheme for letting us into the League of Nations by the back door. They see in it only a disguise for Article X and Article XVI of the Covenant. They avow their fear of it as a maneuver to induce America to abandon Americanism. Others frankly term such fear nonsense. Article X calls on the nations to employ force; but the Capper Resolution does not even hint at force. Article XVI lays an embargo by vote of the League; but the Capper Resolution lets the employment of an embargo depend solely on our own choice. Even in this argument, however, there is little heat—as little heat as light.

Most newspapers are content to let that old controversy alone and are willing to consider this proposal as without any inheritance, tainted or otherwise, from the past. What they see in it is a good purpose and a sound principle, but not necessarily a workable method. They want to avoid the mistake of committing themselves naïvely to all its possible implications. With the utmost friendliness they consider objections and wish for the best way of meeting them.

If the run of editorials could be compositely photographed the picture would be something like this:

After signing and ratifying the Kellogg Pact to Renounce War, it would be shameful for the United States to make money out of war by selling munitions to a violator of the Pact. Nobody denies that. But who is a violator? There's the rub. To decide that in any given case is a great responsibility. Even yet the world is not wholly agreed as to who was the aggressor in the World War. To put that responsibility on the President is a great risk. Yet who else can decide? Ought any one country to assume that risk? Any nation thus adjudged aggressor by us

Weed in the New York Evening World

SOFT PEDAL!

would have good cause for war with us. Besides, what would happen if the League of Nations picked out one nation in a war as the aggressor, and we picked out another? That, to say the least, would be embarrassing. Can we afford to assume a unilateral interpretation of a multilateral treaty? Yet if we yield the right to decide on aggressors to others we commit ourselves to exactly that which we insisted on avoiding when we refused to join the League of Nations. We get into trouble if we do; and if we don't, we get into trouble just the same. So the object of the Capper Resolution is desirable; but the means—any means—seems dubious. We ought to stand behind the Peace Pact; but in any case, if we should, it might mean not peace but war. The dilemma seems inescapable. Perhaps some modification will show the way out. Meantime, discussion and debate will do good.

The Porter Resolution goes partly farther and partly not so far. It goes farther by enabling the President to declare an embargo on arms even before war actually breaks out. The idea is to cut off war supplies while war is merely threatened. Indeed, this power was granted by law to the President in 1912 in a limited form, and has been so used. It applies now to conflicts in American republics and in countries where we have extraterritorial privileges. The Porter Resolution would extend this power to all conflicts. But it does not go so far as to require the President to pass judgment on the ethical conduct of another nation. In this respect it does not go so far as the Capper Resolution. But instead it enables the President to use the embargo as an instrument of policy. This makes the Porter Resolution look like a menace to other nations, instead of a safeguard as the Capper Resolution seems to be. The Porter Resolution may be more practicable; but it would not help much in working out the idea of the Kellogg Peace Pact. And an embargo, in any form, on munitions would be more effective in hampering the war efforts of a nation without industrial resources and materials necessary for war than a nation warlike and resourceful enough to make its own munitions.

As the Capper Resolution will not be taken up in Congress till next December, there is time for a long discussion.

Federal Reserve

It appears that the Federal Reserve Board will weather the storm aroused by its attempt to curb stock speculation. Except for a few critics in Congress, together with those who suffered from the unexpected drop in stock prices, there is a tendency to concede that the board has tried to fulfill the duty conferred upon it by law. It is possible that some changes may eventually be effected, but there is no serious intention on the part of Congress to interfere at the moment.

The defeat of the Caraway resolution to prevent dealing in cotton and grain futures reflects the restraint with which the legislators approach the problem. Indorsement of the board's action by the Federal advisory council, which consists of representative bankers, reveals confidence in the course followed. Secretary Mellon also feels that legislative

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action would hurt rather than help. On every side there is a spirit of caution in discussing revision of the body which is supposed to control the Nation's system of credit.

Nevertheless, some disturbing questions have been raised. Not the least of these is whether the board, as now constituted and empowered, does wield effective control. In criticising the board on the ground that it exceeds its authority when it issues sharp warnings against speculation, Representative McFadden, chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, points out that its power is well-defined, consisting of revision of the re-discount rate, sale of government securities in open market and regulation of the gold supply. Resort to publicity in the form of a threat, in his opinion, constitutes a usurpation of authority. But the powers cited by McFadden, it is pointed out, were exercised several times during the bullish market, without any appreciable effect on the upward trend of brokers' loans. On the other hand, it is contended by Senator Glass, former Secretary of the Treasury and one of the authors of the Federal Reserve Act, that the board delayed too long in calling a halt on speculative loans by member banks.

It seems probable that, despite the present hands-off policy, the Federal Reserve system may figure large in the discussions of the next regular session of Congress. Changes in America's commercial status since the years in which the board was created will, in the opinion of many legislators, necessitate reconsideration of the National and international credit controls.

▸▸Immigration

THE PRESENT CONGRESS appears to be quite as hard-boiled on the immigration question as its immediate, post-war predecessors. It seems bent upon raising the bars higher at the same time that it leaves unconsidered amendments designed to humanize the laws in accord with recommendations from President Coolidge and President-elect Hoover. It may disregard entirely the latter's request that operation of the national origins quota system of the 1924 act be deferred for another year. It has been postponed twice already since July 1, 1927, when it was supposed to go into effect.

As a member of the committee empowered to frame a basis for the new system, Mr. Hoover concluded that no satisfactory arrangement could be made under existing law. This provides that each nation be given a quota bearing the same ratio to the new immigration total of 150,000 as the total of each nationality bore to the whole population in the 1920 census. But the national origins are not to be determined by tracing ancestry; they are to be obtained by checking statistics of immigration and emigration, as well as rates of increase shown in each decennial census.

The basic census for this undertaking, of course, is that of 1790. Since this, unfortunately, did not list nationalities, i.e. origins, the quota makers must guess at some of these by the sound of the family names. The system already framed would cut down quotas from the Irish Free State, Germany, Norway and Sweden; Great Britain and Italy would be the principal beneficiaries. Mr. Hoover's colleagues on the committee—Secretary Kellogg and Secretary James J. Davis—agree with him that the figures they have worked out after five years of study are neither satisfactory nor trustworthy.

Wide World

LA BELLE FERRONIERE

Storm center of the suit of Mrs Hahn of Kansas City against Sir Joseph Duveen

So far, all attempts to defer operation of the new system have been defeated. Unless they are successfully renewed, Mr. Hoover must announce the new quotas on April 1, and they will become effective on July 1. He may seek repeal of the provision at the special session, and the influence of his Administration may be strong enough to change the present temper of both House and Senate. Both bodies seem insistent upon more rigorous laws, however. But since the difference between the present annual total of 161,000 and the 150,000 permitted under the national origins system is small, there may be hope of further postponement.

Meanwhile, the House recently applied further restrictions to immigration from other countries in the Western Hemisphere, revealing that its prejudices are quite universal. Canadians working in American cities must obtain visa permits to cross the boundary on each day's jog to the factory, according to one of the measures. This provision, as well as that directed against increased Mexican immigration, was demanded by American labor.

Two bills still unacted upon would prevent obvious hardships. One would permit reunion of families outside the quota system, and it is estimated it would mean the entry of approximately 35,000. The other would authorize naturalization of aliens who entered the country in a legal manner, but cannot submit documentary proof of that fact.

▸▸Yale and Human Relations

YALE HAS an opportunity to make a remarkable step forward in the study of human relations. Gifts of a value of over $7,000,000 have been granted to this university for the establishment of an institute which will become a focal point for all the sciences and services dealing with human welfare. As chairman of the Department of the Social Sciences, Professor Edgar S. Furniss points out: "During the past few years it has become apparent that thoroughgoing changes must be made in the methods of research employed in the social sciences. It is no longer possible for the individual economist, political scientist or sociologist to explore, alone and unaided, the complex of forces and interrelationships which are involved in every problem of the modern social world. A new technique of research must be devised to bring into collaboration with each other representatives of these three divisions of the social science, together with scholars of competence in psychology, law and other fields where subject matter is concerned with the life of man in society. The existing structure of the typical American university presents obstacles to this form of co-operative research. It is usually possible to find, somewhere

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Wide World

A TRAIL BLAZER RETURNS

Colonel Charles Lindbergh returning to the Pan-American Airport at Miami after mapping the new air mail route from Miami to the Canal Zone

within the university circle, men trained in each of these specialized branches; but the dividing lines which separate schools and departments prevent their mobilization in a single research undertaking."

This states the problem of the new science of social research clearly and briefly. It also supports the major premise of Dean Hibbard in his argument, elsewhere in this issue, for an entirely new type of college.

▶▶*Youth and the Harvard Plan*

MEANWHILE, a proposed innovation at Harvard—the so-called house plan—rouses strong opposition among the undergraduates upon whom it is to be tried. All three of the student publications, "Lampoon," "Crimson" and "Advocate," protest its adoption, the "Lampoon" in such bitter and derisive terms that some Harvard officials fear that Edward S. Harkness may take offense and withdraw his eleven-million-dollar gift for construction of the buildings. Although this hardly seems possible, it is interesting to examine the students' criticisms.

The new plan, as outlined briefly by President A. Lawrence Lowell, would divide the student body—with the exception of the freshmen—into groups to be housed separately and given an opportunity, through their fewer members, for a closer social unity. As nearly as possible each house would represent a cross-section of the student body. It is to this particular feature of the plan—its "enforced democracy"—that the undergraduates object. There is no particular snobbery in their position: they merely demand the right to seek their own friends in their own way. Yet there is also a certain amount of bitterness in the comment on the failure of the authorities to allow discussion of the plan by students and alumni before its adoption. "The writ has been signed and sealed," comments the "Lampoon." "We are given over to an experiment, so many cadavers in a laboratory. Rights—we do not possess them. Nor do any other of the machine tenders. Our voice in the factory government is not even a whisper. We do not exist."

All of this, we submit, is interesting and significant and not to be dismissed finally with denunciations of the "Lampoon's" editors for the undoubted poor taste of many of their comments. The significant fact is that a fair slice—it is impossible to gauge just how large—of Harvard's student body is completely out of sympathy with the experiment, another evidence that youth, however much it may be berated by its elders, is, as a body, ultra-conservative, opposed to changes whose benefits are not readily apparent. The "Crimson" mentions the danger of aping Oxford "without serious consideration . . . of the differences between educational purposes and methods in this country and England;" trying to transform an American college with an American tradition into an English university. In all the welter of praise for the Harkness plan it is interesting to note that the undergraduates are the only sources from which intelligent questions have arisen.

▶▶*Frozen Philanthropy*

A TRUST which exists, not to make money but to see that the essential purpose of charitable donors is carried out, and so to see that the fund shall not become "frozen," is the San Francisco Foundation established by Mr. Julius Rosenwald.

The Community Trust which, though not a nationally organized movement, now exists in seventy-one cities, has much the same object.

Instances quoted to show that philanthropists cannot foresee how their intentions may be balked by time, that a dead hand cannot be stretched into the future, are quoted by a writer in the "San Francisco Chronicle." Thus, even the shrewd Ben Franklin left money to be lent out to "married artificers" during a century, then to provide sidewalks for Boston and pump the water of Wissahickon Creek into Philadelphia; and a gentleman with the delightful name of Byron Mullamphy created in 1851 a fund to aid farmers migrating to the West. To these instances may be added others.

When Emerson was in England he claimed and received the dole of bread and ale at the Hospital of St. Cross of Winchester said to have been founded by William of Wykeham about five hundred years ago. Trinity Church in New York City has, or had, a fund of about $5,000 left in 1792 by John Leake to provide for the distribution of wheaten loaves to poor people every Sunday—later changed to Saturday.

Such survivals as these are amusing but not important. Great Britain has several curious specimens. But there are many cases in which the sum involved is large and the dead hand of the past imposes serious consequences.

Fortunately, there is the legal principle of *cy pres*, which may be roughly

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paraphrased into "If you can't do it, get as close to it as you can." This is often applied to idle charitable donations, as when one for educating "poor mechanics" (no longer useful) was stretched to apply to scholarships for stenographers, and when a bequest to create a sentiment against negro slaves in America was passed over at the end of the Civil War to the American Freedmen's Commission. The courts are rather chary of applying the *cy pres* principle freely. Hence the idea of leaving the money to a Foundation with a defined degree of freedom to apply the gift as near as reasonably may be in accordance with the intention is sound and sensible.

▸▸*Where There's a Will*

Denied outlet through peaceful channels, opposition to dictatorship in Europe is seeking expression by force.

In Russia the former Bolshevik leader, Trotsky, has become so recalcitrant that he has been driven into exile with his family under the custody of Soviet guards, in Turkey, whence he hopes to go to Europe; and his adherents have been imprisoned for attempted rebellion against the power of the present Soviet dictator, Stalin. Other discontents, in other sections of the Russian population, are certainly brewing. Thus Trotsky, who was himself nearly dictator, is a symbol of the revolt against dictatorship.

In Spain there has been an army revolt against the government of the dictator, Primo de Rivera. This uprising, which had its center in Valencia, has been quelled. The former Premier, José Sanchez Guerra, around whom the disaffected group rallied, has been thrown into prison. But the outbreak has shown that all is not as serene under the Spanish military directorate as its press censorship would suggest, and there are reports that the dictator is considering a transfer of power to a constitutional régime.

In Italy resentment against the Fascist régime, which is smoldering, may break out, but when and how no one can predict.

These signs of insurrection are not surprising. In all public affairs there are always certain questions involving conflicts of interest which must be settled by a struggle of wills. Where democratic forms of government exist, the struggle is by means of the ballot or other means that are peaceful because they are provided for in the political machinery. But where dictatorship prevails, the combat of wills results in a resort to violence.

Because it appears to be efficient, able to get action without talk, dictatorship appeals to certain factions in the loosely run democratic nations, as an escape from political ills; but dictatorship always seems to bring its own corrective. Every dictator needs a political fire extinguisher. He can get no insurance.

▸▸*In This Romantic World*

In this day when psychologists and psychiatrists and social agencies are digging into the institution of marriage with relentless scalpels, a young man

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MISS ANNE SPENCER MORROW

who as the world now knows is engaged to marry Colonel Lindbergh

and a young woman announce their engagement, and the whole world, like Lowell's "Huldy" becomes suddenly "teary 'round the lashes" in the good old-fashioned way.

Of course the engagement of Miss Anne Spencer Morrow, daughter of our Ambassador to Mexico, and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is a private and personal matter which ought to be of concern only to the parties involved. But a world hungry for romance refuses to have it that way at all. And maybe the world is right. The world and his wife have certainly come to think of Lindbergh in the rôle of a favorite son. And that seems to give the world and his wife a legitimate family interest in the whole affair. Just to show that all the distinction in the new Lindbergh family will not be monopolized by the Colonel, here is a poem written by his future wife and published last Spring in "Scribner's" under the title "Height."

When I was young I felt so small
And frightened, for the world was tall.
And even grasses seemed to me
A forest of immensity
Until I learned that I could grow,
A glance would leave them far below.
Spanning a tree's height with my eye,
Suddenly I soared as high.
And fixing on a star I grew,
I pushed my head against the blue!
Still, like a singing lark, I find
Rapture to leave the grass behind.
And sometimes standing in a crowd
My lips are cool against a cloud.

To such a wedding of character and achievement there can be, there must be, no other ending than the good old-fashioned conclusion, "And they lived happily for ever after."

▸▸*A Signal for a Crusade*

Seven men lined up against the wall of a garage in Chicago and mowed down by machine gun fire are likely to do what reform organizations heretofore have been unable to do. Their spectacular death in what has come to be known as the St. Valentine Massacre, has roused the people of Chicago as no other gang murder has aroused them. The victims were members of a rum-running gang. Who killed them no one yet positively knows but it is certain that the killing was the result of a gang feud.

Major Silloway, who is Deputy Federal Prohibition Administrator of the Chicago district, charges that certain policemen seeking vengeance because the rum-running gang failed to pay protection money, perpetrated the wholesale murder.

Evidence for his charge, if it exists, has not been made known; but the general belief is that the murderers belong to a rival gang.

The Chicago Association of Commerce, the Illinois Association of Criminal Justice, and members of the Illinois Vigilance Association, and a commission of the Church Federation have demanded vigorous action against lawless violence.

The Coroner's Jury, chosen to view the bodies and bring in a verdict con-

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sisted of some of the most eminent of Chicago's business men.

Such an outrage of which the victims themselves were law-breakers is the revelation of a state of private war, challenge to self-government, and a commentary on the status of prohibition enforcement in our cities.

▶▶Local Bastilles

THE NATIONAL CRIME COMMISSION puts its finger on a sore spot in our system of dealing with erring citizens in its studies of local jails.

These jails under the control of town and county authorities lag behind even our State prisons in their sanitary conditions and in their arrangements for segregating men and women, and young and old prisoners.

The Crime Commission recommends that our local jail systems inherited from England be abolished and that the jails be incorporated in the State penitentiary system. The report says that counties and municipalities are too small to obtain first-class officials and that our jail system can not be reformed piece meal but only by centralized State authority.

The Crime Commission points out that over half of those in jail are committed for failure to pay fines and that this constitutes a penalty for poverty. It recommends that machinery be created for collecting fines by installments and states further that many of those who are committed for brief terms can be handled better by a modernized probation system. A conservative estimate of the actual jail commitments that would be saved by such a system places the figure at 100,000 fewer each year.

All this sounds like forward-looking commonsense.

▶▶Matrimonial Advice

THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION wants the gateway to marriage more carefully guarded. After a nation-wide survey of marriage laws and practices the Foundation has made a number of recommendations. While marriage is certainly no crime, the advice of the Sage Foundation runs parallel in many respects to the findings of the National Crime Commission concerning the treatment of petty offenders. In other words, the Sage Foundation wants more State supervision and less local opportunity for graft and inefficiency.

Among the more important recommendations are these: It should be required of all candidates for marriage that they file intentions to marry five days before the license is issued and that they also appear in person. All candidates for marriage should be required to obtain their licenses in the places where they reside. The fee system, by which the individuals issuing licenses profit by the transaction, should be abolished, and all licenses should be followed up and the marriage reported to the State Registrar of Vital Statistics. The Foundation recommends that justices of the peace be specifically commissioned for the purpose of performing marriages, and that official marriage chapels and courts, such as are now in operation in New York and Chicago, be provided wherever possible. It is also recommended that denominational bodies deal with the commercial practices of marrying parsons, and develop standards for religious solemnization through their ministerial associations.

Last week the Outlook and Independent reported the findings of a committee of the Federal Council of Churches in which a severe criticism was voiced against the practices of marrying parsons and those ministers who take part in sensational weddings. The existence of abuses of this kind is proved by the fact that the Sage Foundation has discovered fifty-seven towns in twenty-nine States where marriage is exploited by Chamber of Commerce publicity. In these towns it has been discovered that ministers split fees with taxicab drivers who take customers to them.

Another interesting study of the problems of those who have passed through the gateway of marriage appears in the "New York Times" for February 17, in an article by Professor Osborne of Chicago. He points out clearly the direction in which the old-fashioned family, especially in urban centers, has lost some of its functions. Professor Osborne regards the fact that the family no longer feeds itself, educates its children or gives them the physical protection which it once did, as not necessarily implying moral decadence or a disintegration of the structure of marriage; but the change is one which must be carefully studied if the best of the old family life is to be preserved.

▶▶◀◀ Remarkable Remarks

I am not acquainted with any one who is happy.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

There isn't time to woo a woman in New York.—PAUL MORAND.

No other American city can come back so fast from a reform wave as New York.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

How can you expect a man to make a good husband, when all his life he has been lived with, to, for and at.—DR. STEPHEN S. WISE.

Being right and a Rockefeller both is a tough proposition to beat.—WILL ROGERS.

As a rule those who top the list in scholarship during school years also top the income-tax list.—BRUCE BARTON.

I am not sure that the Gettysburg Address would have been the better for a course in freshman English.—GLENN FRANK.

The doctor is not an executioner. —DR. HORATIO WILLIAMS.

Life would bore us if it had nothing but pleasure.—REV. RICHARD T. HENSHAW.

It seems that Ambassador Morrow did not give his daughter the advice that so many fathers consider necessary: "When you pick a husband make sure that he is a young man with both feet on the ground."—EDWARD HOPE.

▶▶Edison and Rubber

IT IS DIFFICULT to get a true focus on Edison, simply because he is Edison. Take rubber, for example. Edison is experimenting with plants that contain rubber. The world has long believed that any problem attacked by Edison might as well surrender at the start; therefore Edison is finding us a home-grown substitute for plantation rubber that grows in the tropics and will presently announce some rubber miracle. Why doesn't he invent synthetic rubber, anyway? The problem Edison is up against is not technical but economic. He must compete with a low-paid worker, the plantation rubber tree.

There are hundreds of rubber producing weeds—common milkweed, for example. What differentiates the juice of these plants from that of plants whose juices cannot be made into rubber is Nature's manner of stringing their building blocks or structural units together. X-ray analysis of stretched rubber, made by Professor J. R. Katz of the University of Amsterdam, whose

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rubber researches are famous, show that it actually has a crystal structure. A German physicist, Hock, discovered that when frozen in liquid air stretched rubber did not break into irregular pieces as unstretched rubber does in the same circumstances, but fell apart into bundles of long parallel fibres. These fibres are the crystals of the rubber, "writ large," the actual crystals being something like 1/100,000 of an inch long and the same shape.

This new knowledge may give us synthetic rubber some day, but here again the problem would still be economic. The materials, like the *ersatz* plants Edison is trying out, must be cheap enough to compete with a product that can already be sold at twenty-five cents a pound.

▸▸*Who Should Know Better?*

As EVERY ONE who reads about football in America knows, the football team of Notre Dame are great travelers. During the football season the Notre Dame players pretty well cover the country with their perigrinations. And consequently Notre Dame gets an immense amount of free publicity.

Now comes the declaration of the President of Notre Dame University, the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnel, that this is not to his liking. Addressing a group of alumni in New York he said recently,

"We deplore the excessive and almost exclusive eminence of Notre Dame as a place where a football team is turned out. Nobody at Notre Dame is fooled by it, least of all the boys and those who play on the team. The boys are not indifferent to success, but they are interested first of all in their books.

"Last fall I traveled with the football team. Not a word about football was spoken. The boys read, studied, played bridge and dozed. They know that football eminence is only a bubble. Our friends Red Grange and C. C. Pyle have taught us this lesson. Red Grange is a monument to such folly."

These sentiments, since they are echoed by the President of Notre Dame, should now be regarded as unanimous.

▸▸*New York's Scotland Yard*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT suggests to the New York State Crime Commission that there should be a State bureau of expert detectives which should have some such function in New York as Scotland Yard has in England.

The proposal is supported by convincing reasons. The State has now no expert detective system. Local police and detectives have not as a rule the training or skill to undertake difficult inquiries. Governor Roosevelt says it is getting common for "the murderer to carry away the body of his victim to some sparsely settled and desolate locality where it is left in the hope that the local authorities will be unable to trace even the identity of the victim." This may be an extreme statement, but every one knows that small-town police in important criminal cases always call on private detectives. This is informal and unsatisfactory. In English practice, about the first thing done by the local chief of police or the majestic county Chief Constable is to wire Scotland Yard.

The proposal includes the excellent provision that the new force should include only highly trained investigators who should be well paid and might be sent abroad to study advanced methods —for "the detection of crime is becoming an almost exact science as contrasted with the methods of a few years ago."

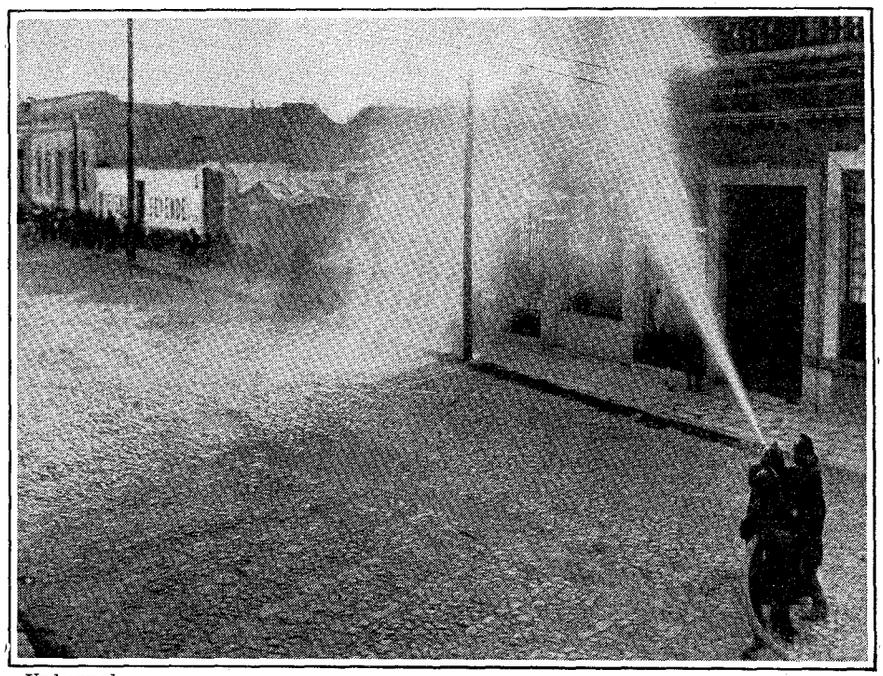
Co-ordination between city and country exists now to some extent, but it badly needs centralizing. Governor Roosevelt by a series of questions puts in view practical points for discussion as to just how such a State expert detective force, to act with local authorities, should be formed and as to what its methods and limitations should be. His proposal is more than a suggestion; it is a study of facts and a basis for action.

▸▸*Reform School Alumni*

OLD-TIME RESIDENTS of New Jersey were rarely reminded of the existence of the Reform School at Rahway except when its loud-screaming siren warned of the escape of inmates. Now instead of inmates escaping ex-inmates have been coming back as for a home-town festival. Two hundred of them gathered there one day last month and told of their success in life and what they owed to their *alma mater*.

One of the visiting "alumni" was president of a bank; one was head of a board of education in a large city; one (an ex-burglar) was in the burglar-alarm business. All were good citizens, at least fairly prosperous, and happy. They have started a fund to aid boys who have just come out. No wonder that Will Rogers declared this reunion the most human thing he had read of for a month.

As is almost always the case with a piece of constructive, personal, change for good in the lives of men, we find behind this notable example of victory over evil one man of forcefulness, character, kindliness and intelligence. Dr. Frank Moore has been for twenty years



Underwood

MEXICO TRIES THE WATER CURE

A fire hose disperses a mob gathered before the house of General Obregon's assassin following his execution

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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Wide World

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Leaving a miner's cottage in one of the villages which he visited in the coal districts

superintendent of the Reform School or, as he was called at the reunion: president of the university. As he said on this occasion, "once a crook" does not mean "always a crook." To see and hear the "old grads" was an object lesson to the boys now serving time; it might well be taken also as a hint to some less happy institution that the duty of a reformatory is to reform and only incidentally to punish.

▸▸*Uncertainty in Reno*

Out in Reno a little colony of watchful waiters is wondering what its fate will be in the light of a recent decision handed down by the State Supreme Court.

Nevada law, it is well known, is particularly sympathetic to prospective divorcees. Instead of the usual requirement of a year's residence, Nevada's legislators decreed some two years ago that three months would be sufficient. But—and hereby hangs the present uncertainty—the residence must be supposedly established in good faith. That is, in order to be eligible for divorce after three months in Nevada, the plaintiff must expect to continue his residence for an indefinite period in the county which granted the decree. Or at least, so the Supreme Court has just ruled.

County and district judges have felt differently, and while the bona fide residence provision was acknowledged, most courts have been content to recognize the fact of a three months' residence as sufficient.

Whether the Supreme Court's decision will hamper the plans of the divorce colony is a matter for the interpretation of the county judges. All plaintiffs are asked as a matter of form whether they intend to continue their Nevada residence and their answers, usually in the affirmative, are accepted as sufficient. This new ruling, however, would seem to stamp a certain lack of finality upon a Nevada decree if the plaintiff had gone to the State solely for the purpose of securing a divorce, and gave up residence immediately the decree was granted. The other party could claim that the residence was not established in good faith, and apparently the Supreme Court would uphold the plea.

▸▸*Divorce in the Church*

Gloomy Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, meanwhile, has given churchmen something to think of in proposing that the Church of England open a loophole for divorce. He protests that he does not believe the Church should retire from its historical principle of indissoluble marriage; but he thinks that in some cases divorce is justified. His proposal is for setting up an ecclesiastical court to consider divorce in the eyes of Church as distinguished from divorce in the eyes of civil law. "The judges would be thoroughly determined," he states, "to maintain the principle of indissoluble marriage; but they would be also convinced that He who said, 'The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath' would also have said, 'Marriage was made for man, not man for marriage.' "

▸▸*A Game of Ships*

The influence of aircraft carriers upon naval tactics had a try-out in the annual maneuvers of the fleet in the Gulf of Panama. To the defending ships was assigned the aircraft carrier Lexington and to the attackers the aircraft carrier Saratoga.

In the maneuvers the defending fleet seems to have been outguessed by the attacking fleet and the aircraft carrier of the defenders theoretically destroyed by the guns of the Black Fleet battleships. The Saratoga was detached from the attacking fleet and sent by a roundabout course to a predetermined rendezvous. The Saratoga kept her position secret through the silence of her radio apparatus.

As long as we have a fleet—and the termination of that period is not yet in sight—adequate appropriations will be necessary for carrying on fleet maneuvers of this character. A fleet is not just a conglomeration of ships. It is a group of vessels divided in proper proportions among various types and operating as a single training unit.

▸▸*Britain's View*

Reports from London are contradictory concerning the effect of the passage of the Cruiser Bill in Congress upon public opinion in Great Britain.

According to one point of view Great Britain is now disposed to take the initiative in reaching some understanding with the United States concerning naval affairs. According to another point of view British officialdom is not disposed to approach the American point of view concerning the law of the sea. Perhaps these reports are not as contradictory as they seem; for it is more than conceivable that there is no one British opinion.

Ambassador Sir Esme Howard has issued a statement saying that "everything points toward an early resumption of negotiations" and that, in contrast with the situation at the time of the Geneva Naval Conference, "there

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should be a very good prospect of their being brought to a satisfactory conclusion."

The British naturally still believe that control of the sea in time of war is essential to the preservation of the Empire. On the other hand Americans are as disinclined as ever to concede to any other nation the right to deny or restrict the freedom of the seas. The difference between the English and the American view of maritime rights is as old as the American War for Independence and was not settled by the war of 1812. It was manifest during the World War before the United States became a belligerent. And yet during the Civil War the position of the United States was very much like what is regarded as traditionally British. Whether this difference will be settled by an official conference is very much doubted; but it appears clear that Great Britain does not intend to challenge the right of the United States to have a navy as strong as hers. So here the matter rests for the present. And there it seems not unlikely that both governments will be willing just now to let it rest.

In the meantime, it is evident that the interests of both Great Britain and the United States are bound up with the maintenance of peace.

▸▸"Life for a Pint" Law

MICHIGAN is about to legislate a bit of discrimination into the recently adopted habitual-criminal statute which makes life sentences mandatory upon fourth offenders. At the direction of Governor Fred W. Green, the Attorney-General has prepared a revision of the law for the Legislature's consideration which will still leave it an effective weapon for dealing with dangerous criminals, without placing minor offenders in jeopardy. The most conspicuous felony to be placed in the proposed "unclassified" category of offenses which do not compound toward life imprisonment, is violation of the State's liquor laws.

Michigan has had trouble with the habitual criminal statute from the first. Last summer Fred Palm was sent to State's prison for life when a pint of gin was found upon his person. Palm, to be sure, had three convictions for larceny in his record, and possession of the liquor merely served as a convenient means of defining him as an habitual criminal. But a few weeks later, two simon-pure liquor-law violators ran foul of the mandatory life sentence law. One of them was a woman. The fact that she was the mother of ten children seems to have contributed to the demand which arose for revision of the law. Extreme drys protested that breaking prohibition statutes was as much a sign of habitual criminal tendencies as any other offense; but others, with more discernment, saw the manifest evil in blanketing minor felonies with dangerous ones. The Attorney-General's proposal offers a check to minor offenders, however, in making mandatory a sentence of from seven and a half to fifteen years upon fourth conviction for the unclassified felonies.

It is comforting to know that among the offenses which will still deserve the maximum penalty are inciting Indians

Wide World

EDWARD J. HIGGINS

New head of the Salvation Army

to violate a treaty, voting illegally, counterfeiting log marks, stealing from a person injured in a railroad accident, uncoupling cars and running away with a locomotive.

▸▸Bad Liquor

ASSEMBLYMAN CUVILLIER of New York, an ardent wet and a foe of the Volstead Act, introduced into the Legislature of his State a bill making it a felony to sell beverages containing wood alcohol or other poisonous substances. But he was shocked and grieved not long after to discover that the Anti-Saloon League had endorsed his bill. Apparently the drys hoped to construe "other poisonous substances" to include all alcoholic liquor that is at present available.

Meanwhile, the bill of Assemblyman Jenks which sought to re-enact the provisions of the Mullan-Gage enforcement act minus the element of so-called double jeopardy, which aroused Governor Smith's ire, is having hard sledding. Although the drys have a majority in the Assembly there seems to be some doubt as to whether this bill will be reported from committee. Should it pass the Assembly it would still have to run the gantlet of the State Senate which has a wet majority of six.

A proposal to put the police power of the State behind prohibition enforcement in any county that voted by popular referendum to adopt such enforcement seemed at first to be a promising compromise. The wets according to their principles could not very well object to local home rule; and the drys would at least be getting a concession. But the drys were not willing to support a measure that might by implication concede the right of wet counties to remain wet.

The prospect of finding in New York State a common ground in which both wets and drys can stand, either on a local-option measure or a measure for ending the sale of acknowledged poisons as beverages, seems to be dimming.

▸▸John the Good

WHEN YOUNG Prince John of Liechtenstein came to the throne of his tiny kingdom, there seems to have been an understanding that after his reign it should be divided between Austria and Switzerland. He died the other day at the fine old age of eighty-eight, after a serene and happy reign of seventy years, longer even than that of Queen Victoria. Meanwhile, the World War had shattered the Austro-Hungarian Empire; so the destiny of his little realm is uncertain.

The population of Liechtenstein is less than half that of Zanesville, Ohio, and the street congestion is exceedingly small. Except for Monaco and San Marino it was in area the smallest independent principality in Europe and it was the smallest of all in population.

Until the Great War, Vienna kept an eye on Liechtenstein, so that John the Good, as his subjects called him, did not have to worry much about international matters. He was rich and in

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munificence not outdone by many princes—for instance he presented to Austria some $20,000,000 worth of paintings and art objects. He was not disturbed by revolutions; and his country, nestled between Austria and Switzerland, was not subject to Red terrorists. He loved his subjects and they loved him.

When monarchies not only in Austria but all through Europe have been going to the wall and even in Turkey and Germany we have a sort of democracy, the idyl of Liechtenstein is a charming survival of the past. And as we contrast with it the modern form of government in Spain and Italy, we may be excused for remarking, "So this is progress!"

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"YOU MEN, individually, are popular with the folks back home," philosophized Calvin Coolidge to a group of Democratic Congressmen from New York who recently brought to the White House an annually declined invitation to address something-or-other.

"You must be," mused the Vermont sage, "or you could not be elected. How, then, do you explain the generally hostile attitude of the country toward Congress as a body?"

It is not on record that the Tammany men unbosomed themselves of the confidences invited by the President. Even more interesting than their tacit agreement, in our opinion, is the light Mr. Coolidge's observation casts upon certain scenes in his own passing political show. It was, as we recall, his clear understanding of this great truth that contributed the most to his nomination in 1924. When he entered the White House, there was no organized effort or widespread desire for his nomination after he should have served out Harding's term. Indeed, things looked bad for the ambitious New Englander. The Congress was on one of its periodic rampages. Senators Walsh and Wheeler, the Montana bad men, were soon discrediting some of the officials and policies Mr. Coolidge had solemnly pledged himself to continue; the Teapot Dome and Daugherty investigations were turning up unsavory scandals about the Harding Administration. In the House the new Longworth leadership was utterly helpless as Progressives and Democrats made monkey-shines of Mr. Mellon's maiden effort in tax reduction for the millionaires and pious promises of prosperity for the many. It seemed that such plagues would have strained the patience of a saint, but for many months Mr. Coolidge kept the peace and also the Cabinet members whom several Senate resolutions had asked him to fire.

Suddenly he abandoned the peaceful and patient rôle. In a denunciation of Congress rarely excelled by Wilson's or Roosevelt's scathing papers of state he impugned its methods and motives. He denounced "government by investigation," and the press gave the phrase greater play than contemporaneous journals did to Patrick Henry's "give me liberty." The Nation likewise disregarded the merits of the controversy and shouted its approval of the one man, and a little man

Jones in the Boston Herald

AS EUROPE VIEWS OUR POLICIES

European journalists profess to see a close relation between the peace pact and the 15-cruiser bill

at that, who had dared to shake a speech in the faces of the 531 fire-eaters on Capitol Hill. Everywhere Coolidge was hailed as "strong and silent," whereas he has simply demonstrated that he knew his countrymen and his Congressmen.

The Seventieth Session of Congress, to our mind, will be best remembered for its individual and collective pusillanimity. Our perspective frequently becomes warped, we realize, because of our closeness to things, but we wonder what the public thinks of a Senate that imposes secrecy on two roll calls solely to protect its members against political punishment by the Klan or "power trust," or the opponents of those two groups. We refer to the Senate's ban on publication of the vote to confirm Thomas F. Woodlock to the Interstate Commerce Commission a few years ago and Roy O. West to the Federal Trade Commission a few weeks ago. What, too, must the public think of a Senate that will not revise its rules so as to outlaw Tom Heflin's vituperative attacks on millions of citizens whose way of worshiping God displeases him? How explain other than by the President's diagnosis the action of ten Senators in voting for Heflin's demand that the flag of God shall not fly above the Stars and Stripes for the few moments devoted to divine worship on our warships! Yet these were brave boys by comparison with the two or three who remained out of the chamber during the roll call, only to return in time to vote for fifteen cruisers a little later.

Prohibition has raised similar havoc in the House. We admire the zeal of Southern Democrats for enforcement, but we wonder why they were so long satisfied with the admittedly skimpy sums doled out by Mr. Mellon. Perhaps they are sincere when they deny that their new-found devotion to effective enforcement is designed to buy back the political good will of anti-Smith constituents, but we doubt it. Wets of both parties are quite as faint-hearted. For years they have cried for larger appropriations in the hope that they would make prohibition pinch the pocket-book, but when the opportunity presented itself, they turned tail and lined up with Mr. Mellon. And so it goes.

Senator Borah always lets us down, but this once our disappointment is tempered by sympathy. After all his service to Herbert Hoover, the latter chooses as Secretary of State a man whom the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee looks upon as an imperialist and interventionist. Yet the Idahoan has raised no word of protest so far as we can learn, perhaps on the theory that he did enough talking during the campaign.

Meanwhile, we comfort ourselves with the thought that even a Congress may turn, and if that should happen after so many years of submission, we advise Mr. Hoover to watch his step.

A. F. C.

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Democracy and the South

By DIXON MERRITT

On the eve of the inauguration of a President who succeeded for the first time since the war in breaking the solid front of Southern Democracy, it is significant to inquire what the future of the defeated party will be among the States which have repudiated it. Mr. Merritt, himself a Southerner, believes that the South will never again be Democratic. What is more, he doubts that it ever was actually Democratic. In the history of the party he finds the indicators of its future

I HAVE made post mortem examination, including dissection of certain apparently diseased parts, of the recent Presidential campaign in the South. On the basis of what I have found, I make these two statements: 1. The South will never again be nominally Democratic. 2. The South never has been actually Democratic.

The first of these propositions is the foundation of the molehill of information which I hope to build. The second is overlaid by the mountain of misinformation which must be removed before work can begin. It is always so when a bit of real information concerning the South is to be hammered into the heads of the American people.

By way of making the statements entirely clear, a few avowals, denials and definitions are necessary.

The word "Democratic" is used in the partisan sense, as pertaining to the party of that designation; in the other, the broader, sense of the word, the South has always been and probably will always be Democratic. This, like the second of the main statements, flies squarely in the face of the common opinion. If it did not, I might feel inclined drastically to revise it.

The statement that the South will never again be nominally Democratic does not mean that it will never again vote the Democratic ticket. It would remain true if all Southern States should in 1932 give Democratic majorities—even majorities for Alfred E. Smith—which, in certain circumstances that may develop, all Southern States may possibly do in 1932.

The South will never again be nominally Democratic because the South as a whole and its men and women as individuals no longer feel the compulsion to call themselves Democrats.

For the first time since 1840, when Harrison the Whig carried all but four of the Southern and then slave States, the Democrats of the South have risen above domination by aristocrats of one kind and another. Undominated, they need not call themselves Democrats unless, in the language of Buck Hayden, they absodamlutely want to.

To give Alfred E. Smith unqualified credit or blame for bringing all of this about would be to follow a somewhat general practice of the past, beneficial neither to him nor to the country, of still further magnifying his genuinely great abilities and achievements. I was not safeguarding my sentences quite enough when I said in the Outlook late in 1927 that Governor Smith, if nominated by the Democrats, would bring about what no Republican candidate had been able to do, the breaking of the Solid South. He was the immediate issue over which dissolution came, just as slavery was the immediate issue over which dissolution of the Union came in 1861; but the remoter things in both cases were the more powerful.

NEVER BEFORE was there a time when the South would have refused to swallow Smith—unless it might have been in the late eighties when the South was ready to divide politically and would shortly have done so had not Henry Cabot Lodge thrown his Force Bill as a chuck under the wheel of the movement. It follows that Smith had less to do with the Southern result of 1928 than did the disappearance of Lodge's back-action influence.

Smith had a great deal less to do with it than did the negro exodus which began in earnest about 1914 and continued until the race problem ceased to be Southern and became National.

It may be, though I am not sure, that Smith had less to do with the result than did the industrial influx which began in earnest after the war and has continued until almost every Southern community is some sort of manufacturing center. This influx is a matter of importance, though I do not believe that it was so potent as the exodus of the negro in dissolving the Solid South.

It is now time to look somewhat more closely at the statement that the South never was actually Democratic.

The apparent political solidarity of the South from 1865 onward was in fact a social solidarity which was, or was thought to be, essential to the preservation of white civilzation. The reason that the Democratic label was, or was thought to be, indispensable is found in John Sharp Williams's statement that the South might have given up in despair and become, by massacre and debauchery, such a negroid people as Santo Domingo is, "had it not been for the encouragement and support of the Northern Democrats, especially those of Indiana, New Jersey and New York City."

Going further back than the war of the sections, the South was never historically Democratic at all. During all that period when disunion was brewing, the South was essentially Whig. Only in the aristocratic communities, with their parasites of riff-raff bootlickers, was the Democratic Party strong. Only three out of ten Southern men owned slaves, and the non-slave-owning seven were very likely to be Whig or independent. Jackson held the South in his iron grip because he was a democrat rather than a Democrat but when the second of his disciples in line of succession, Polk the aristocrat, came up for election he lost his own State of Tennessee.

The line of pro-slavery Presidents—if there really was such—was given to the country not so much by the South as by the Southern North, "Northern men with Southern principles," as the old political writers were fond of saying.

THE NORTH let the Whig Party die in 1852. In that election, General Scott as the nominee of the Whig Party carried four States. Two were Southern, two New England—Tennessee, Kentucky, Massachusetts, and Vermont. With the Whig Party dead in 1856, Fillmore, because he had been a Whig President, came close to carrying the South. Even in 1860 with disunion almost an accomplished fact, John Bell, representing what was left of the Whig Party in the South, carried Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Why did not these Southern Whigs vote for Lincoln who was a Whig and

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was then the most thorough-going Jeffersonian that the White House was to know between Monroe and Coolidge? For much the same reason that their sons have refused to vote for other Republican candidates—the negro. They were opposed to slavery, particularly to the extension of it, but they feared what would follow abolition.

Now these Whigs came over into the Democratic Party of the post-war period. Indeed they nearly dominated it—in spots and at times did completely dominate it—clear up to the nineties. During my own boyhood, it was no uncommon thing to hear a battle-scarred leader of the Democratic forces say: "The Democratic Party is the only party I can afford to associate with but I am not a Democrat; I am a Whig." I heard one of my grandfathers say it scores of times. The older half of the Southern voters of 1928 grew up under the tutelage of these old Whigs. In terms of our short measuring stick, the Whig Party has been some time dead. But its influence has all along kept the South from being really Democratic.

Why could not these old Whigs associate with the Republican Party which, if it had remained Lincolnian, would have embodied practically all that the Whig Party did? Well, if it had remained Lincolnian, they probably would have associated with it. But it became Stevensian. In the South it was a party of scalawags, most of whom had bush-whacked their home folk during the war; carpet-baggers, some of whom were decent men; and ex-slaves, all of whom were ignorant men so far as government was concerned. The three elements, working together under the banner of the Republican Party, put upon those States which Thad Stevens had called conquered provinces a burden of shame and debt greater than the war had brought. The debt of the States which had seceded increased 130 per cent during reconstruction. Of course, no self-respecting Southerner could associate with any but the Democratic Party.

THE PURPOSE, if it was that and not delirium, of making a Santa Domingo of the South, lacked no great deal of succeeding. Probably the men who fought it and won never realized how close they were to losing. Accustomed to rely upon their own superiority, they minimized their dangers locally. But, on the broader scale, they magnified them. It seemed to them that the Federal Government was a negro Government or, if not that exactly, that Administrations placed in power by negro votes could hardly give white Government.

The ground, whatever there was of it, for such a belief continued for a long time. Unless Roosevelt can be excepted, no Republican President between Lincoln and Harding received a majority of the white vote of the United States. It may be a shock to some to know that white America never became Republican until 1920. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley and Taft won by margins less than the negro vote, Cleveland and Wilson despite the negro vote.

NONE THE LESS, by the end of Cleveland's first term the fear of a negro National Government had so far subsided, the entrenchment of the whites in control of their local affairs had so far progressed, that the South was ready to divide politically. Harrison was making a satisfactory President. The tariff issue was to the fore and many Southerners were more nearly in accord with the Republican principle as exemplified by McKinley than with the Democratic principle as exemplified by Cleveland. The silver issue was rising and the Democratic position on it was uncertain.

The time had come, in the opinion of thoughtful men, when Southern leaders could by going into the Republican Party accomplish for their section the good which General Longstreet and a few others had tried for shortly after the war. A considerable sprinkling of men, not so much prominent politicians as substantial community leaders, did become Republicans—either to recant or to suffer ostracism.

For there came just then, when the Solid South was melting away, the Lodge Force Bill for Federal bayonets at elections. It failed because Cameron, Quay and other Republicans more practical than Lodge would not support it. The Federal Elections Act, as it was styled, never acted. But it reacted promptly and completely. The war had solidified the South for hardly more than twenty years. This bill was to keep it solid for almost forty years more. Not until thirty years later when, with Reed's aid, he defeated the Covenant of the League of Nations was the sour Senator from Massachusetts to accomplish anything so powerful.

North Carolina had civil war within its own borders by way of protecting the ballot box against bayonet control. Other States would have done the like. But old General James Z. George, then a United States Senator from Mississippi, hit upon a scheme for controlling elections in the interest of the Democratic Party much more effective than Lodge's bill could ever have been for the Republican Party. By requiring literacy, a tax receipt and two years' residence in the same precinct, it effectively and quite legally disfranchised most negroes along with certain classes of ignorant, shifting and thriftless whites. The other States that needed it copied the Mississippi plan. The solidarity of the Solid South was insured for another full generation.

Within that generation the negro question went a long way toward solution. Many negroes acquired practical education, a measure of property, enough self-reliance so that they could work to the advantage of themselves and their communities. Most of these, along with many others, coming to realize that their salvation did not lie in political fomentation, ceased to dabble in political matters at all. The exodus came and carried away to the North great numbers of undesirable manual laborers along with a smaller number of the desirable ones. Other undesirables, not primarily manual laborers, soon followed. The black agitator of Nashville's Black Bottom, for instance, found that he could have a better outlet for his talents in New York's Harlem and so, silenter than any Arab, folded his mosquito net and silenter stole away.

The Inter-Racial Commission was formed and did real work toward ironing out the wrinkles in the relations between the two races in the South.

MEANWHILE, there were changes hardly less significant among the whites of the South. Those professional Southerners, few but persistent, who lived on memories of the war and the fine old mansion life that is said to have preceded it—these few, except for an occasional Methuselah, reached the end of their days and were gathered to other mansions, possibly white-columned and under magnolia trees. Education and other influences decimated the ranks of the "poor white trash" who, unless they had happened to be negro "equalizers," were always the most rabid of negro haters—and baiters. Some of them went North with the negroes.

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Many got jobs in factories near home. Some had learned to farm decently well and so, along with the factory workers, began to feel themselves no longer in competition with the most shiftless of negroes and therefore under no compulsion to hate the negro. Thus was removed, in large part, the compulsion upon the politician to cater to the prejudices of redneck and hillbilly.

Republican leaders in the South had ceased to strive, by the use of negro votes, for dominance in local affairs. Some were prompted by a wisdom which enabled them to see into the future. Others were content with their noses in the patronage trough. Manufacturing had become fairly general with the Southern people and, whether it needed protection or not, wanted it.

So, WHEN the Presidential campaign of 1928 came on, nothing but habit bound the South to the Democratic Party. That one tie, however, would have been enough for one time more had the Democratic Party been in its normally abnormal condition. But it was not. Whether it was less abnormally normal or more normally abnormal is, so far as this discussion is concerned, an academic question. It may have progressed. It may have retrogressed. Alfred E. Smith was in control of the party, at least of its machinery, and he did not as a candidate appeal to the South. The reason for his failure to appeal is also, so far as this discussion is concerned, academic.

It was quite practical, however, to those who spoke for Governor Smith and the party during the campaign. They knew exactly why and did not hesitate to say so in season and out of season, in meeting and out of meeting. The South was intolerant and opposed Governor Smith because he was a Catholic.

Well, be it so. Perhaps that is today as good an answer as any though it is not the one that I should give. But this, also, is true: When you tell a man forty times, and with some show of heat every time, that religious intolerance is his only possible ground of opposition to a particular candidate, you raise in that man's mind the question of a political intolerance quite as intolerable as religious intolerance. Literally, no one was permitted to oppose Governor Smith on the wet issue, the water-power issue or anything else. All of these, in the organization vocabulary, were aliases for Catholicism.

Here was a conflict of intolerance—and the South stood to win no matter which way the battle went. If despite its objections it voted for Governor Smith, it triumphed over religious intolerance. If despite the party lash it voted against Governor Smith, it conquered political intolerance. And that is what the whole South did. Six Southern States, it is true, returned Democratic majorities but they were so slender, the Democratic vote so terribly reduced, that the effect at home was as though they had gone Republican. No longer could the pretense of solidarity be, by any fiction, sustained. It always had been pretense, mainly for local, somewhat for National effect. The South, as I said at first, never was Democratic.

Party loyalty, once dead, is deader than a dead love. Those who expected that the defections from Democracy would end with the election certainly never had read political history or observed the trend of politics around them. Bolting is like kissing. Once done, it is a habit.

THIS ARTICLE, since we deal in analogies, is like an evening of prize fighting. The preliminaries take up most of the time and the main bout but very little of it. But we are done with preliminaries at last. I started out the other day to find what proportion of those who deserted the Democratic fort during the battle have clambered back inside the stockade. Near home, I found that they are all not only still outside but that they have no intention of ever going back and, worse yet, that many who stayed inside until the fight was over are now sporting on the green with their bolting brethren.

Here is about what an after-election bolter may be depended upon to say: "I voted the Democratic ticket straight last time but I shall never do it again—unless I should happen to like all the people on that ticket better than any of the people on the other ticket." The before-election voter says the same thing in other words: "I am as much a Democrat on principle as I ever was but I voted for men last time and I'm going to do it the next time—and the next."

I traveled a way to see a college professor whose business it is to keep up with the political trends of the country, particularly of the South.

"By 1932," said the professor, "the Democratic Party with the same candidate and under the same management could not carry a single Southern State." Dry sentiments and a wet candidate, the professor says, brought the South political emancipation. He recognizes other elements but he nails this as the main one.

College professors, like colleges, tend to be slow-moving, rarely quite up with the times. Newspapers and newspaper men are the opposite. So I went to see the managing editor of one of the best of Southern Democratic dailies. He said the same that the professor had said—except that he struck out "1932" and substituted "today."

This editor is as positive as he is of anything that if there could be a National election today every Southern State would go Republican. Like the professor, he nails the liquor question as the main one though he sees in the situation something of that background of Whiggery, a waning negro menace and the industrial prosperity that I have tried to outline.

I traveled further to see a man who for half a lifetime was an official of the Democratic organization. "Look at Kentucky," he said, "a Democratic State giving a Republican majority of 170,000! And then speak of anything solid in the South!"

Trained to politics, he sees this thing more clearly if not more deeply than do the professor and the editor. A revolt never to be mended, he says, against political intolerance. And yet all three of these men, with many others to whom I have spoken, agree that Alfred E. Smith might on a Democratic platform carry every Southern State in 1932. That would be if Hoover should make a flat failure of his Administration and sentiment should turn to the man whom Hoover defeated. But, they say, the South would be voting against Hoover then and would be no more solidly Democratic than it is today.

I DO NOT BELIEVE NOW, though I may change my mind, that Smith could under any circumstances do much better in the South in 1932 than he did in 1928. It is rather too much to expect that any section can in such short order triumph over both political and religious intolerance. I do, however, agree with the contention that a solid Southern victory for Smith in 1932 would not prove or even indicate that the South had again solidified politically. No man who has really seen the deep and quiet

(*Please Turn to Page 354*)

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"True Heaven"

THE competent acting of George O'Brien and Lois Moran does much for this picture, but all in all, it's just another war story and not deserving of much consideration.

Mr. O'Brien plays a British officer who spies on the Germans and Miss Moran a German spy who spies on him. Of course, they love each other. What stupid questions you ask, Bernice. But love of country comes first, and results in Miss Moran being driven to the unpleasant extremity of having Mr. O'Brien shot. He is led out before a firing squad while the German young lady weeps and weeps and weeps—and then, just as the rifles are leveled, what do you think happens? Well, the Armistice is announced. Of all the luck!

"True Heaven" is one of a species of motion picture that grows harder and harder to criticize. Well acted, well directed, nothing much to object to, save absence of invention. It might well be that an intermittent movie goer would like it, and all such are invited to see it. At their own risk and expense.

"The Flying Fleet"

HERE is a picture that we liked immensely. You may decide that it's hokum or what you will, but you'll be hard put to keep yourself from enjoying it.

"The Flying Fleet" presents Ramon Novarro, Ralph Graves, Gardner James, Carroll Nye and others as a band of young Naval Academy graduates who elect aviation as the branch in which they shall serve Uncle Sam; it presents Anita Page, as the girl who causes an almost fatal rift between two of them, and it further presents a group of anonymous aviating doubles, in some of the best stunt flying ever shown on the screen.

If the men who did the actual flying in this picture are real naval aviators, as we believe they are, this country need feel no uneasiness about that branch of our National defense. Nothing as thrilling as the formation drills and individual exploits of these lads has appeared, even in newsreels.

George Hill, who directed "The Flying Fleet," has caused these maneuvers to be expertly photographed, and has given them just the right amount of emphasis with respect to his plot. More than in any aviation picture we have so far seen, the illusion that the principals are doing the real flying is maintained from start to finish; and so thoroughly at home do the young actors seem in their rôles that the effect is heightened.

Lieutenant Frank Wead, U. S. N., wrote the story of "The Flying Fleet," in collaboration with Byron Morgan. Joe Farnham did the titles (yes, it's a silent picture), and between the lot of them they have injected more navy and less Hollywood into their picture than we had dared hope for. True, you will find several rather liberal doses of Hollywood, but, relatively speaking, they're scarce.

If you ask us, "Wings" wasn't a bit better than "The Flying Fleet," and "The Air Circus" wasn't as good. In fact when one recalls the contributions to "Wings" made (in spite of herself, perhaps) by Miss Clara Bow, a point-by-point analysis might easily result in a decision for George Hill, Ramon Novarro and Ralph Graves. And—though we didn't mean to drag it in again—our Naval Aviation Service.

Forty Thousand Frenchmen

OWING to what is often referred to as "a chain of circumstances" this department, as we went to press, had not seen "The Broadway Melody." Boiled down (if you can boil down a chain) it was this way:

We couldn't go on the opening night. And the house has been so utterly and conclusively sold out, ever since, that not even Mr. Howard Dietz, of Metro-Goldwyn's efficient press department, could get us seats before this issue yielded to an importunate printer.

Here and now, not having seen the picture, we advise our clients who live within reach of it to lose no time in taking it in. In doing this, we go on the theory that all the critics, and unnumbered thousands of the public, can't be wrong. Since the morning after the stage première of "What Price Glory" we can't remember having heard such ecstasies about any show.

We'll review "The Broadway Melody" in next week's Outlook and Independent because, after all, that's what we're getting paid to do. If we give it a bad notice, pay no attention. If the opposite, pay no attention to that, either. Just see the picture, regardless and learn what the talkies can do.

Our Own Movie Guide

Talking

The Singing Fool: If you like AL JOLSON—as who doesn't?

My Man: FANNIE BRICE and all her songs.

In Old Arizona: An outdoor talkie that shouldn't be missed.

Interference: A smooth job of acting, directing and recording.

On Trial: So far, the best of the talkies.

Napoleon's Barber: A fine performance by OTTO MATTHIESON, but the recording is pretty poor.

The Barker: This is about half silent, and should have been entirely so.

Alias Jimmy Valentine: Ditto.

Marching On: The inimitable CHIC SALE.

The Wolf of Wall Street: GEORGE BANCROFT is startling.

The Doctor's Secret: A BARRIE play, that should be better than it is.

Weary River: RICHARD BARTHELMESS turns out to be an interesting talker and a tuneful singer. The picture isn't much.

Silent

Sins of the Fathers: The matchless acting of EMIL JANNINGS.

The Last Warning: Bad direction, by (of all people) PAUL LENI, spoils a good story.

West of Zanzibar: A LON CHANEY picture and a good one.

The River: Men may come and men may go, but this is the punkest ever.

Revenge: Another DOLORES DEL RIO spasm.

Show People: MARION DAVIES and WILLIAM HAINES in a really smart travesty of Hollywood doings.

The Woman Disputed: Above NORMA TALMADGE'S average.

Four Devils: MURNAU directed it, and we, personally, were crazy about it.

Shopworn Angel: NANCY CARROLL and GARY COOPER in an extraordinarily fine picture, directed by RICHARD WALLACE.

A Romance of the Underworld: Another triumph for IRVING CUMMINGS. See it.

A Woman of Affairs: GRETA GARBO, JOHN GILBERT, LEWIS STONE, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., HOBART BOSWORTH and DOROTHY SEBASTIAN in a screening of "The Green Hat." No worse than the book.

Captain Lash: A fair program picture. with VICTOR MCLAGLEN, CLAIRE WINDSOR and CLYDE COOK.

The Rescue: RONALD COLMAN is fine in a complicated CONRAD story. HERBERT BRENON directed.

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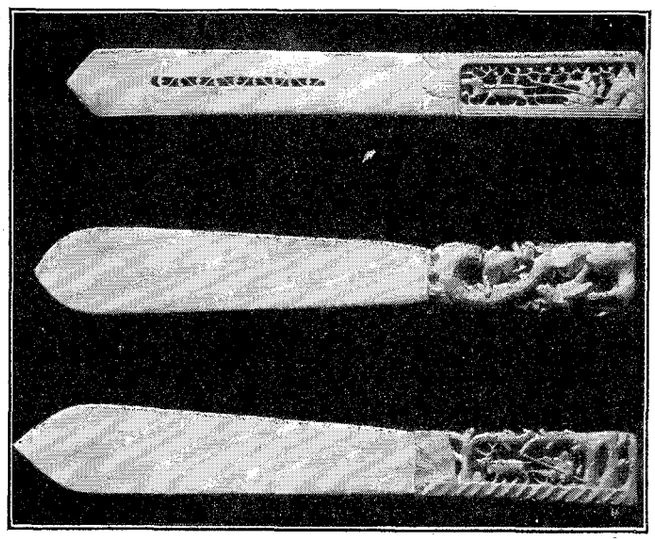
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE SHOW here some of the mammoth tusk carving which we saw at the Russian show we spoke of last week. There are huge deposits of mammoth bones in northern Siberia, and for many years the Mongolian tribes of that region have retrieved and carved the fossil tusks into brooches, knife handles and so on. The chessmen and paper cutters shown here were carved by the craftsmen of Kholmogor and of Archangelsk, at which latter city under the Soviet régime a special school for tusk carving has been established. The fossil ivory is warmer in color and has more life than that of today. Walrus tusks, bluish white in color, are also used. Although these carvers have now turned their hands to the fashioning of such modern articles as cigarette cases and paper cutters, none of the primitive vigor and character of the earlier has been lost. We liked these things as much as anything we saw at the show—and we didn't find them so very expensive.

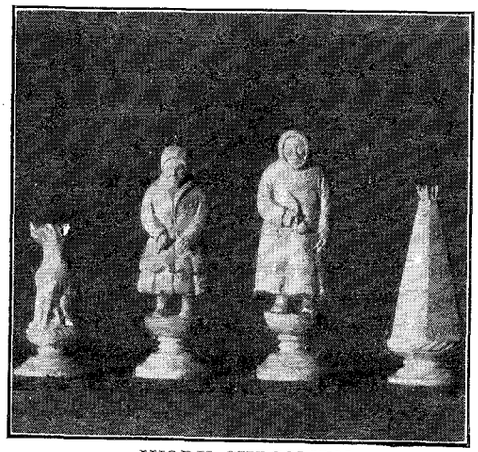


PAPER CUTTERS
carved from mammoth tusks

WE HAVE SEEN a new nested highchair set for children which looks very practical to us. It will separate into either two chairs and a table, or into three chairs. Assembled, it makes a firm non-tipping highchair whose seat is 26 inches above the floor, and 15 inches square. The heights of the individual chairs from the floor are 10, 9 and 8 inches. The table top is 15 inches from the floor and 13½ inches square. There is a removable tray for use when set up as a highchair. It is sturdily built, and can be finished in natural wood, or stained or painted any color.

FOR HALLWAYS, verandas or porches, old-fashioned coach lanterns are good looking and useful. Our attention was first called to these by a relative who was negotiating for the purchase of two lanterns belonging to a retired hearse, which she wanted to put on either side of her front door. She is not a superstitious person. We have since learned that there are several stores that make something of a specialty of these lanterns, properly wired for modern use.

THERE IS a contraption horribly named the "Busy Kiddie Hanger" which at first glance we thought was a gallows for obstreperous children, but which turned out to be a sort of combined swing, trapeze and pair of rings which can be secured to the top of a doorway. Your child can swing, exercise and do stunts on it. It is tested to 350 pounds. Of course he can also fall off it and bump himself, but if there's anything over two millimetres high in the house which he can't fall off and bump himself we hope you'll write us about it. And he might as well be bumped in a good cause as in the effort to reach the shelf where the jam is kept. At least that is our idea.



IVORY CHESSMEN
carved by Siberian peasant craftsmen

WHEN THE DRAIN in your kitchen sink gets stopped up there's a rather simple hydraulic drain pump that looks as though it might save a call from the plumber. It is simply one of those rubber force pump affairs on the end of a stick, with the addition of a short length of hose which runs from faucet to drain. Put the rubber over the drain, turn on the water, and the pressure forces all the accumulated *goozlum* down the pipe.

THERE IS a hobby horse for children which has its legs so arranged that rocking motion causes it to go forward at a gallop. Some other new toys are a powerful tractor which will climb over sand piles, books or hurdles, or up a 55-degree incline; a ski jumper which slides down an incline and then jumps over a high bar; a toy cow which can really be milked; a singing doll, with a repertoire of six Mother Goose rhymes; a pair of dolls which, guided by a string held in the hand, dance about the floor to music; a sewing stand containing a sewing set, paint set, typewriter set and sealing wax set; a taxi run by a storage battery; a French lion and tiger which when wound up will crouch, growl and leap realistically; a bathtub whale that swims and spouts mechanically, also swimming frogs and goldfish; a firehouse, with doors which open and let out a fire engine when the bell rings; and a Chautauqua desk which, opened, has a green chalkboard, educational scrolls of several kinds, chalk and a large assortment of things for the child to exercise his imagination on.

GORHAM is showing a light-weight dinner coat case, in either pigskin or black Morocco, which is made specially for the man who is to dine or dance away from home. There is a compartment for the evening clothes, another for shoes and socks, a place in the top for shirts, and a jewel box.

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▸▸ Look Out for Congress ◂◂

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

IF COLONEL LINDBERGH had not announced his engagement and Chicago had not started another battle, the doings of the Federal Reserve authorities might have constituted the chief news of the month of February. And as it is there may be developments of one sort or another before the month is out to overshadow even these important events.

A tempest was stirred up by the Board's statement of February 6, condemning the speculation in securities and warning that legitimate business and industry were endangered by the stock market's greedy demands on the credit supply. The Board asserted firmly its duty to take such measures "as may be deemed suitable and effective" for correcting a situation which directly or indirectly diverts Federal Reserve credit into speculative issues, which obstructs the Federal Reserve in its function of "accomodating commerce and business," and which threatens to create influences distinctly "adverse to the trade and industries of the country."

The bombardment started the next day, fire coming from different directions. Senator Glass, Secretary of the Treasury under President Wilson, agreed that the volume of brokers' loans was dangerously high but said that the Reserve officials themselves were to blame. If they had acted more aggressively a few months ago, he insisted, the epidemic of speculation would have been checked before it achieved such momentum.

Louis T. McFadden, chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, said in effect that the brokerage-loan total was none of the Federal Reserve's business and that prices would fall of their own weight if they were unjustifiably high.

Nothing much occurred the following day, which was a Saturday. On Monday, however, there was fresh excitement. It had been announced that the Federal Reserve Bank of New York directors would have a special meeting. From this, many inferred that they were to raise the bank's rediscount rate. Then the news tickers tapped out—"No announcement from Federal Reserve Bank." The bulls drew a relieved sigh.

Meanwhile the politicians were talking away in Washington. Eight or ten Senators agreed that there was too much "stock gambling" and asked what could be done about it. No one had any concrete suggestion so the Senate passed the Heflin resolution asking the Federal Reserve Board for suggestions as to checking "illegitimate and harmful speculation." The resolution was harmless enough but some of Senator Glass's speech was hot.

"I have often," he said, "pointed to the absurdity of States and communities and the Nation enacting laws making it a criminal offense for a company of gentlemen to sit around a table and wager at poker, or to go to a race track and bet on a race, and then legalize a system of pure gambling that menaces the entire commercial and financial fabric of the nation. It is an absurdity, and there ought to be some statutory definition made of investment as contradistinguished from pure gambling, and the laws should be enacted to put these people out of business.

"There is not a thing in the world constructive in their operation. It is a matching of the gambling wit against gambling wit. They do not produce a thing on earth that contributes either to the happiness or to the prosperity of legitimate business."

Speculators may be all that the Senate implies but it would be disastrous if they were put out of business. Without their stabilizing influence, our financial markets would be erratic affairs in which legitimate buyers and sellers would find it difficult to make transactions.

THE STOCK MARKET had friends in the House of Representatives. Mr. McFadden complained again that the Reserve authorities were overstepping their duties and Representative Black of New York charged that the Reserve Board was injuring American business and finance in order to help out Great Britain. As evidence of this collusion he mentioned recent conferences between Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, and central bank officials here.

"American investors," he declaimed, "should not be forced by government action to suffer a depreciation in their securities to build up the gold reserve of the Bank of England."

Wednesday was quiet, but Thursday saw two interesting developments. The first was an indirect quotation of a statement by "high Treasury officials," presumably Mr. Mellon, which Wall Street interpreted very bullishly. The "high Treasury officials" believed that most of the speculation in recent years had been justified and that attempts at legitimate restriction would do more harm than good. The statement was only a reiteration of orthodox economic beliefs but its tone was such that stock prices moved sharply higher following its issuance only to sag off a little out of respect for the weekly meeting of the Federal Reserve Board of New York. Brokers were supposed to be betting fifty-fifty that the rediscount rate would be raised. The directors closeted themselves for several hours following the close of the market but they left the rate alone.

ON FRIDAY Representative Black returned to the attack on the Reserve Board and its co-operation with the Bank of England. He wanted the Reserve officials to appear immediately and explain themselves. Representative Brand of Georgia, on the other hand, advocated some sort of legal action against speculators in Wall Street or anywhere else.

The last gun of the week was fired by the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board which expressed its full approval of the recent action of the Board in endeavoring to restrict the use of credit for speculative purposes.

Realizing the danger of raising rediscount rates still further, the Federal Reserve officials undoubtedly have been trying to "talk the market down." If they can do so they will liberate credit from the security markets without penalizing business. If Congress takes a hand, however, the situation presumably will be worse than if the Federal Reserve had risked damaging industry and commerce and jacked up the rates. Whether or not the banking authorities have acted as wisely as possible is not an easy question to answer. It is certain, though, that the interference of the earnest members of Congress in the delicate central banking operations would be a real disaster.

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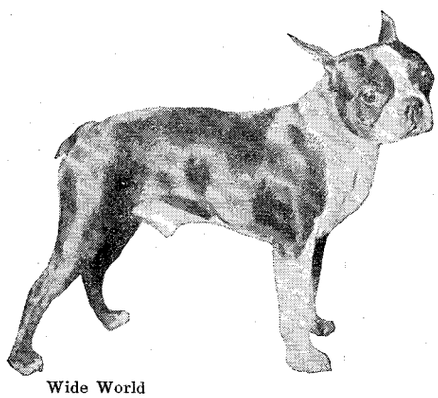
The Latest in Dogs

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

STYLES in dogs—persistence of certain old ones like the Boston terrier; launchings of certain new ones like the Briard and the not entirely new German Griffon-Pointer—it is for a study of these that the average dog lover goes to the annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which has just ended the most successful exhibition in its history. The conservative is sometimes disappointed over the gradual fading from fashionable favor of some of his most cherished friends, whereas the seeker for novelty is never disappointed. However, as a whole this show has been considerably more satisfactory to the conservative than to the radical. The great revival in the collie class, both in quality and numbers, undoubtedly means that this famous breed is in for a long run of deserved prosperity; the continued growth in numbers of the smart little wire-haired fox terriers, and of the Boston terrier is extremely comforting, for they are such sound and livable little fellows; one rejoices, too, over the sudden revival of cocker spaniels, the liquid-eyed "little workmen," with which most of the oldsters were brought up.

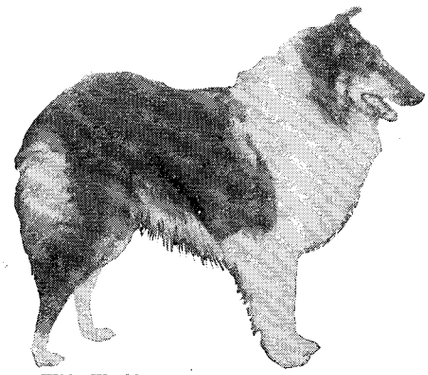
It was pleasant too, for the old timer to find so many ribbons pinned to the cages of dogs in the terrier classes in the main somewhat sturdier of chassis and somewhat roomier in that part of the head in which brains are located. It is a notorious fact that certain of the former "chopped and chiseled away" champions were not remarkable either for their manners or for their intelligence. A few of the best of them could not follow their masters around the block at the crowded hour of the day. In a word, too many of them looked as if they had been fashioned by the toy makers of the Black Forest to be set on wheels and towed around by a string.



Wide World

REIGH COUNT

For the collie revival—and such a collection of glorious coats and true "field" collie quality I have never before seen under one roof—we are perhaps somewhat indebted to the charming dog stories of Albert Payson Terhune, whose faith in the breed has never wavered—a faith which has largely disposed of the myth that the collie was sometimes given to treachery, a cruel imputation that had no real foundation in fact. There has been a re-establishment on a better basis, too, of the German Shepherd Dog, always a sound animal, but somewhat hysterically overplayed, and overbred by none too responsible people. This fine and intelligent dog is with us to stay quite on his merits and needs no ballyhoo.



Wide World

LAUND LOYALTY

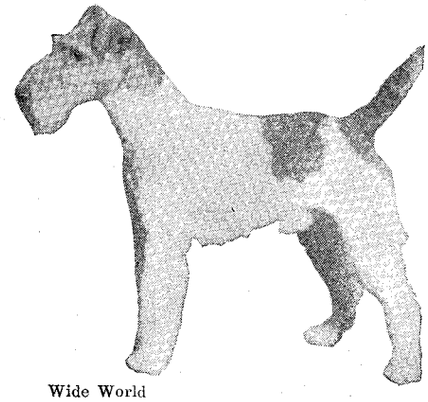
It is probably the spread of country life brought about by the automobile that is responsible for the increase in demand for size in breeds already popularized in miniature. Thus we have the Giant Schnauzer, and the full-sized Blue Kerry terrier. Both are rugged, workmanlike dogs, packing away plenty of mileage, and not at all adapted to city conditions. They have coats immune to Scotch mist, and they are game for any sort of expedition abroad in the fields. The steady gain of the newest German breed, the Griffon-Pointer, will also be hailed by the outdoor man and woman. Here is a sturdy animal with a silver-grizzled coat that will withstand any weather and a disposition of aloofness from strangers and even from some of the household that marks him as one of those greatest of delights, the "one-man" dog. Add to that his pointer qualities and we seem to have a breed of field dog with a most promising future.

It is perhaps significant that this year's show found a greater gathering of gun-dog men in the Garden than ever before. They came from all over the land, many of them sportsmen one sees as a rule only at the famous field trials, in Virginia, the Carolinas and Kentucky. They had many pleasant things to say of the triumphant entry of Ernest W. Smoot of Washington, son of Senator Reed Smoot. His candidate, Pennine Patron, was a winner in dogs, best of winners and best of breed. This was certainly marching to victory, since he had to defeat the English champion, Fred of Crombie, shown by D. C. Kok, of Palo Alto, California, which won at Baltimore.

One has to hark back a good many years to find so much of "all that is dog" in the winning Airedale bitch, Wagtail Jess, owned by Miss Adelaide Durant of Roslyn, Long Island. Wagtail Jess has a head that has not been chiseled to something approaching a wedge of store cheese, nor is she lacking in "bone," that ancient essential that for a time seemed to be so thoroughly overlooked. And the dog of the class she defeated for the title of best of the breed, Crackley Style of Strathway, also looked much more like a real working dog than many of his predecessors in the purple of recent years.

Now for two of the exotics. The general public that loves the very small dog, adapted to city wear and tear, sees

(*Please Turn to Page 358*)



Wide World

EDEN ARISTOCRAT

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Palmerston Papers

Gladstone and Palmerston: Being the Correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Mr. Gladstone, 1851-1865. Edited with an Introduction and Commentary by PHILIP GUEDALLA. Harper. Published February 15.

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA'S "Palmerston" was one of the outstanding biographies of recent years, marked as much by its grasp of English public life in the Nineteenth Century as by its admirably clear, elegant and witty style. It was not unnatural, therefore, that Mr. Guedalla should have been given access to the archives containing the papers of Palmerston, and that the Gladstone Trustees should have placed at his disposal the unpublished treasures of Hawarden House. Mr. Guedalla plans to publish in a series of volumes all the Palmerston papers that are of interest to the present generation, a series he inaugurates in the present volume, containing the Palmerston-Gladstone Letters for the highly important years 1851-1865.

They are highly important not only for the two statesmen but for the history of England and the world, as Mr. Guedalla makes abundantly clear in his introductory commentary. Palmerston and Gladstone were an ill-assorted pair, brought into intimate relations by a strange turn of historical events. For if Gladstone, born in Liverpool, was destined to represent everything modern in the mid-Nineteenth Century, Palmerston represented everything that was courtly in the tradition of the late Eighteenth.

Mr. Guedalla's sketch of the two men is brilliantly conclusive as to these two points. They met through a chance agreement on a minor question that was followed by an irregular co-operation, and "they worked on, as strange a pair as the winds and waves of politics have ever brought together." For if Palmerston was born into a stationary world the mold of which he retained through life, Gladstone was born as certainly into a stirring world of industrial progress. But both were phenomenally industrious, both passionately concerned for the welfare of England and, remote as their mental paths were from one another, each greatly admired the other.

Moreover, both were deeply interested in the cause of Italy, a cause that brought them together more than once. Their letters deal with the principles of finance, with the nationalization of railways, with the Albert Memorial, the race of naval armaments (with France). There is no collection in which the "inner life of a Cabinet is more fully exhibited or the realities of government seen more plainly in operation."

Mr. Guedalla's Commentary is a model of biographical composition, such as we had reason to expect from this ablest disciple of Mr. Lytton Strachey. It is brief but extremely pregnant, and written with rare distinction and charm of style, with a wit that is always present and sometimes passes over into a kind of dry poetry. Naturally the part that concerns Americans most closely is that which deals with the Civil War. Palmerston expressed the conviction that "our best and true policy seems to be to go on as we have begun, and to keep quite clear of the conflict between North and South," although, considering that the North would probably be unable to subdue the South and that the South would be a valuable market for England, he was strongly tempted to acknowledge the Confederacy. At any rate, his sympathies were strongly and even malignantly, as many observers thought, in sympathy with the Southern cause. Palmerston remained cautious, continuing to wait "to know that their separate Independence is a Truth and a Fact before we declare it to be," while Gladstone, more impulsive, was in favor of direct intervention.

Here we find Gladstone making his famous statement that "there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation." His policy he summed up in the statement that "we wish the war to end, and we see no early probability of its ending if left to itself," proposing a joint Anglo-Franco-Russian mediation which would dictate to the Americans that "this horrible war ought to cease." For to Gladstone the war was not only "the most gigantic but also perhaps the most purposeless of all great civil wars that have ever been waged," and he even convinced himself that British interference would hasten, by bringing moral pressure to bear on the South, the emancipation of the slaves.

It was not long, however, before he changed his position in this matter, returning to what he called "our original view of the matter, that we must continue merely to be lookers-on till the war shall have taken a more decided turn, a view that deepened with time until

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

The Treasure House of Martin Hews, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little, Brown. Two gangs of crooks, a legless art collector and a penniless war hero provide the action in what is not one of Oppenheim's best thrillers.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. Peder and his indomitable mother, Beret; the conflict of American ideas and Norwegian culture in Dakota in an excellent novel.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A rich melodramatic story, the contrast of old and new Charleston and two memorable negro characters make this an interesting and moving novel.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press.. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

In our issue of February 20th, publication of "The Snake-pit" by Sigrid Undset was inadvertently attributed to Harper. A. A. Knopf is the publisher of Mrs. Undset's works.

Non-Fiction

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. We hear that this vivid account of voodoo in Haiti should be taken with a grain of salt. It is lively reading for all that.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright. O'Neill dresses the Shakespearian soliloquy in clothes designed by Freud.

The Hows and Whys of Human Behavior, by George Dorsey: Harper. A psychologist answers a lot of leading questions.

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thirty years later he repented, with what sack-cloth we know, of ever having for a moment thought otherwise. Meanwhile, it is to be observed, all these fluctuations in the feeling of both statesmen followed strictly the fluctuations of the Southern arms, and it was the Battle of Antietam that gave the *coup-de-grâce* to any plan of British interference.

All the large matters dealt with in this book have long been known to historians in detail, but the personal atmosphere that bathed them at first has remained to some extent veiled from the public: many of the letters have never before appeared. It is, therefore, a great service that Mr. Guedalla has performed in bringing to light the whole correspondence of these two pre-eminent statesmen, and in bringing it to light so clearly and in so distingiushed a manner.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Week's Reading

The Persians Are Coming. By BRUNO FRANK: Knopf. Published February 15.

THIS ORIGINAL and stirring book is an allegory of politics, politics as romance and not, as we know it almost exclusively here, as business. Political allegorists of the past have usually written satire. Mr. Frank writes tragedy, and a call to arms—"Sons of the Hellenes, forward." "The Persians Are Coming" is a remarkable piece of imaginative writing. In a series of key pictures, Mr. Frank presents his theme: the menace to civilization of barbarism and all its works. We are shown the Italian town as a place of eternal beauty and peace and then as a parade ground for Fascist capitalism; the Cannes Casino where all the dignity of race and power are sunk under a sodden wave of lust; the French village still resting upon the humane tradition of the old social structure; the tragic finale in the Cannebière, where one of the "splinters of the fearful weapon with which Europe was committing suicide" takes tangible shape. The chief characters, Dorval, the French statesman (a portrait of Briand), and Carmer, the German, are symbols, the first of the classic ideal of civilization, the second of New Europe, one with the ideal in aspiration, but emotionally the victim of the Persians. And the Persians are, of course, the brutes. And we are forced to see that it is from the West they move, this time, toward Salamis.

Bruno Frank's book is too rich and moving, too large and significant in its implications to be adequately discussed in a brief review. To the individual reader must be left the discovery of such fine passages as the discussion between Dorval and Carmer of the "new battle-cry of Salamis;" Carmer's observations on the conversation between Dorval and Madame Grandin at the inn; the argument of the secretaries,

VIEW FROM MY STUDY WINDOW
A wood engraving by Norman Kent

your pure intellectuals (see Julien Benda's recent book), in the garden; and the many lovely descriptive paragraphs. Even in H. T. Lowe-Porter's far from perfect translation, the beauties of Bruno Frank's style and the wealth of his imagination are evident. We commend "The Persians Are Coming" to your attention. It is a German's gift to the one great cause of today. And we venture to say that you will find in it, as we did, a dramatic argument far more impressive than the usual abstract presentation of similar ideas.

George Borrow. By SAMUEL MILTON ELAM: Knopf. Published February 15.

PROBABLY THERE ARE NOT many female Borrovians. Our own considerable and frequently renewed delight in "The Bible in Spain" has never carried us beyond a lukewarm reading of "Lavengro." Borrow is too much the braggart for a woman's taste. One would have to listen to him publicly and laugh at him privately. Nevertheless, even the most casual enjoyment of Borrow is bound to be enhanced by a reading of Elam's narrative essay. We do not care much for Elam's style, but his matter is interesting, well selected and pungently expressed. And he has pursued, captured and put into words a feeling about Borrow's enigmatic personality which has eluded previous biographer-critics. After reading his "George Borrow" we got down our little World's Classics "Romany Rye" and began again. And that is what your true enthusiast, such as Elam is, would want his readers to do.

Our Knowledge of the External World. By BERTRAND RUSSELL: W. W. Norton. Published February 15.

IN HIS NEW BOOK, Bertrand Russell shows himself a practical philosopher. The book, according to the jacket, represents the "final answers of modern science and mathematics to the soluble problems of metaphysics." Possibly. Certainly there is efficiency in Russell's marshaling of sensory evidence and supporting logic and in the dispatch with which he proceeds to his expositions. Sense data and the scientific data of the physicist are given separate entities, although the author acknowledges that sensory agents are the only available means for the apprehension of scientific data. At this point, mathematical inferences come into being. These proceed in tortuous and self-contradictory mazes, and, as in all philosophical treatises, presently the empirical enters. This will be the point of attack and refutation for the next group of philosophers. Indeed, to the layman, that is what modern philosophy seems to consist in. Since philosophers stopped speculating upon the ideal life, and turned their attention to the practical (natural, no doubt, in a "machine age"), every man is free to dispute his opponent's premises.

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Bertrand Russell's book is not too complex in argument or too incomprehensible in terminology for the average reader, and is especially interesting just now when the great discoveries of the physicists are being given to the world.

The True Heart. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER: The Viking Press. Published February 18.

A TRUE HEART is the precious possession of an orphan asylum girl who becomes a farmer's drudge and falls in innocent love with an idiot. When he is taken from her, she sets out in exquisite singleness of purpose to recover him. She meets with friendliness from the simple and rebuffs from the proud. She disarms the worldly wise with her purity, and finally takes her matter up with the Queen. But it is not Her Majesty's nod but Sukey's true faith that wins her beloved into her arms to keep at last. This is a subject after Miss Warner's own heart. It is more ambitious than her previous books but no less delicate in its blend of humor and pathos. There is no straining for effect in it, and the inevitable macabre quality is no more than hinted at. With tender irony, Miss Warner has made in "The True Heart," a little wax model of Victorian England, and put it under glass on the parlor mantel, a foolish, charming treasure.

Young Entry. By M. J. FARRELL: Henry Holt. Published February 15.

"YOUNG ENTRY" is an example of the best type of light fiction, fresh, easily written and genuinely funny. Prudence and Peter are two engaging daughters of Erin, and their adventures are the natural concomitants of youth, charm, gentle birth, nineteen-twenty-nine, fox-hunting and Ireland. Their love stories encounter just the proper number of polite obstacles to keep them from running too smooth. "Young Entry" is lifted well above the average by its unusually good dialogue. Pages of abrupt, laconic, apt, disconnected conversation show how well Miss Farrell knows her young moderns. Such phrases as "old cats (referring to two middle-aged ladies), they take the barbed wire spittoon" have a universality which knows no national boundaries.

A Dead Man Dies. By PERCY MARKS: Century. Published February 15.

THERE IS keen understanding of youth and tolerance for it in Mr. Marks's new novel, also. But he is more interested in discussing a problem than in telling a gay story. In "A Dead Man Dies," Nora Dryer, forty-five and beautiful, has had three husbands, or one husband and two licit lovers, as her clever and outspoken daughter suggests. She has three grown children and a home by the first; the others have been broken by her efforts to fit them to the original model. The story has to do with her struggles to keep her children and her home as the tangible evidence of her hold upon her long-dead husband, and of the children's fight for freedom and ultimate victory. The characters of the children are well, that of Nora, excellently, handled. She represents a fairly common type of American woman in whom superabundant vitality and hysterically exuberant sympathies often mask a meagre emotional nature.

Forthcoming Books

Simple People. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL: Brentano. Feb. 25.

Why We Do It. By ED WOLFF: Macaulay. Feb. 25.

Pioneers of Freedom. By MCALISTER COLEMAN: Vanguard Press. Feb. 28.

Devil Beats His Wife. By BEN WASSON: Harcourt, Brace. Feb. 28.

American Estimates. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY: Harcourt, Brace. Feb. 28.

The Recovery of Truth. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING: Harper. March 1.

Bush-whacking. By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD: Harper. March 1.

Banjo. By CLAUDE MCKAY: Harper. March 1.

Cagliostro. By JOHANNES VON GUENTHER: Harper. March 1.

Father William. By DONALD OGDEN STEWART: Harper. March 1.

The Stoke Silver Case. By LYNN BROOK: Harper. March 1.

Our Face from Fish to Man. By W. K. GREGORY: Putnam. March 1.

Suicide Battalions. By WENDELL WESTOVER: Putnam. March 1.

Good Gestes. By PERCIVAL WREN: Stokes. March 1.

This Strange Adventure. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART: Doubleday, Doran. March 1.

The Impuritans. By HARVEY WICKHAM: Dial Press. March 1.

Experience and Nature. By JOHN DEWEY: Norton. March 1.

The Balkan Pivot: Yugoslavia. By CHARLES BEARD AND GEORGE RADIN: Macmillan. March 5.

Wife to Pilate. By MARY GRANGER: Payson & Clarke.

THIS BOOK, while supposedly the story of Claudia, the child-wife of Pontius Pilate, is actually a history of Pilate revealing him in an entirely new light. Claudia is the principal character, but her personality is so inconsequential compared with that of her husband that she appears primarily in the light of a foil for him. We see her only as a little girl submitting passively to her marriage with Pontius Pilate, and trying to be worthy of him. She is unfaithful to him once, but makes it up by trying harder than ever to be a good wife. Pontius Pilate, however, we see as a magnetic personality, a powerful, conscientious man working for the best interests of the Roman Empire. We see him coerced into ordering the crucifixion of Christ much against his will, and just on the eve of his wife's confession that she has been unfaithful to him. One both admires and pities Pontius Pilate as the author has portrayed him. The plot would be entirely inadequate with any other background or characters but it is perhaps pardonable under the circumstances. There is no drama until the middle of the book but it steadily improves from that point on.

MILTON BYRON.

Plundered Host. By FOWLER HILL. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"PLUNDERED HOST" is a startlingly accurate exposé of the human brain. It is delightful at times and uncomfortable at others to note the keen insight Mr. Hill has into that enigma called the mind. Most of the idiosyncrasies of the average human being are brought on the stage, kidded a moment, and then sent scurrying off through an exit. It is the story of Peter Brush's gradually changing outlook on life as he passes from childhood into adolescence. We had the feeling that Peter was a trifle precocious as a child, but he was distinctly human as a grown boy. His awakening to sex is particularly aptly handled, although slightly clinical at times. The gradual fading of serious, philosophical musings into intellectual sprees of nonsense as he grows older provides a very nice touch of irony that adds to the charm of this delightful book.

MILTON BYRON.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

S. S. Van Dine's The Bishop Murder Case Scribner

We have never been as enthusiastic a Van Dineite as some, and the present example induces no change of mood. Philo Vance is to us a long-winded, pedantic bore, and we do not believe that the New York police are as long suffering as their deference to him would indicate. Philo's detachment, his irony and sophistication, his erudition and deductive skill, first irritate and then sadden us. They are of a heaviness! And why, oh, why must he drop his g's, and always say "extr'-ordin'ry," and have explanatory footnotes to illuminate his conversation? We embark happily upon this story, assured of a pleasant voyage by the testimonials from various critics printed upon the jacket, only to have it sink slowly beneath our feet until we are wallowing in a sea of verbiage. There is a Jonah aboard, and that Jonah is made of lead, and that Jonah's name is Philo Vance. As for the plot: there are a series of murders centering about the house of a famous mathematician. The motive turns out to be, as far as we can see, nothing more than a predisposition on the part of all mathematicians to undervalue human life. Philo explains this very carefully. He agrees evidently with Mr. Henry Ford that men who think too much and don't work with their hands get sort of queer. Hence a mathematician must have done the killing. And of course Philo was right. The moral is: don't go in for mathematics or you may end up in either a jail or an asylum.

Wyndham Martin's The Recluse of Fifth Avenue McBride

When the wealthy Mr. Milman found that he was ruined, he decided to abandon his quiet, law-abiding ways and go in for revenge. He gathered together three other men who had been ruined by the same hand, and they agreed to help. The revenge was a little slow in getting under way, and if the daughter of one of the conspirators hadn't joined up it seems likely that the plot would have proved a wet firecracker.

Ferdinand Ossendowski's The Lioness Dutton

Czar Asisa was the wife of Ras ben Hoggar, a tribesman of the Atlas Mountains. Ras got into trouble and had to leave home. As a snake charmer's helper, and later as a treasure hunter, he visited Marrakesh, Fez, and other points of interest, and had adventures almost as startling as those which Mr. Ossendowski himself has undergone and elsewhere chronicled. Meanwhile Mrs. Ras has been betrayed into slavery. Altogether a pretty kettle of fish. But Ras finds her again, although it is scarcely a happy ending. As a novelist, Mr. Ossendowski is a pretty good travel writer.

Francis Beeding's Pretty Sinister Little Brown

Sinister indeed, but it's hard to be sinister when you're running a three ring circus, and this tale gives a little that effect. We got so mixed up after a while that we forgot to shudder. There's the lovely daughter of a Romanoff duke who has lost her memory, and a wicked hypnotist, and a couple of gangs of international crooks, and an English diplomat, and our old friend, Colonel Granby, who of course straightens it all out in the end. There is battle, murder and a high percentage of sudden death. But it's all so involved that after a while when you hear a pistol shot you just don't care.

James Kendall's At Home Among the Atoms Century

A readable popular exposition of chemistry by a former professor of that science at New York University. Modern research on the structure of the atom has changed chemistry and has also made it difficult for the lay mind to understand. But if you want to get an idea of what electrons are, of what the quantum theory does, of how atoms differ from one another and of how they combine, we believe you'll find it fairly lucidly explained here. And if you read this book you'll have a fairly clear idea of what modern chemistry is trying to do.

Gerald Bullett's Dreaming Harper

The Pleasures of Life Series, to which this small volume is the latest addition, contains essays on collecting, laughing, reading, wandering, idling, day-dreaming, talking and playgoing. Possibly the Pleasures of Old Age Series would be a better name for it, since eating, drinking, making love, dancing and singing are not included. Perhaps, however, these less intellectual and more youthful pleasures are to be treated of later. In this volume Mr. Bullett writes charmingly of day-dreaming, of the importance of the dream element in art, of various fallacious popular beliefs regarding dreams, of Freud, who "represents the first perceptible advance on the interpretive methods of Joseph." And he interprets an amusing sample dream.

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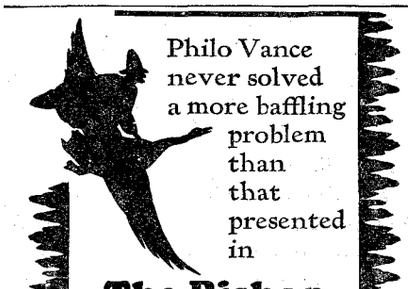

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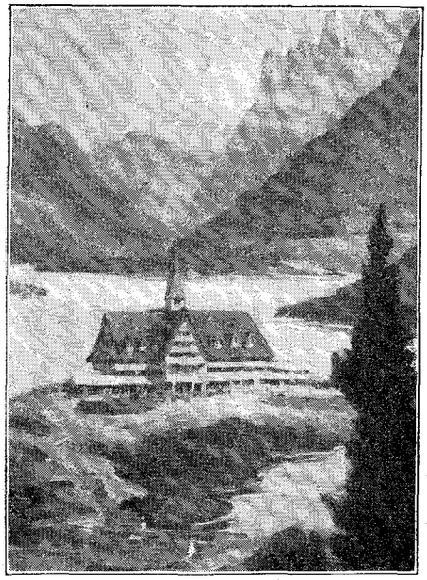

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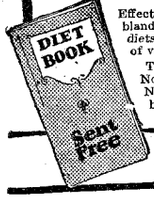

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Peace and War

Discussed in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHEN you pick up a slender tract entitled "The General Pact for the Renunciation of War" (U. S. Government Printing Office, fifteen cents), containing the text of the Pact as signed, notes and other papers, you will hold in your hand everything, bar ratifications, which matters about the Kellogg Treaty. But when you see what the interpreters of the Pact have to say of it, you grow slightly dizzy. Two of our more notable internationalists have recently set forth at length what the Pact means (to them). One of them is British born, the other an American, but both unite in proving, by intellectual Einsteinism, that the Pact has brought us ever so close to the League of Nations, has in fact practically bound us to accept the League definition of an aggressor, and so on. The first is Professor James T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, whose multilateral title, "War as an Instrument of Policy and its Renunciation in the Pact of Paris" (Harcourt, Brace), covers a multitude of reprinted *obiter dicta* written for the New York papers as part of his indefatigable propaganda for the Pact. His book admits most, though not all, of Professor Shotwell's own rôle in negotiating this treaty. It is the best statement available of the unofficial intrigue and popular agitation which accompanied Secretary Kellogg's modest efforts to turn the Gallic *ballon d'essai* into a "good-will flight." The second author is Mr. David Hunter Miller, quondam legal adviser to the American Mission to Negotiate Peace, whose effort in "The Peace Pact of Paris" (Putnam) is commended to other authors who wish to write on this subject. He has taken the documents published by the United States Government in "The General Pact for the Renunciation of War," and with a few additions and rearrangements has let them account for nearly half of his book. The rest consists, however, of an extremely valuable running criticism of the notes exchanged, which should make the drafting officials in three world capitals alternately glow and squirm. The author of "The Drafting of the Covenant" is an expert in this line, and his comments are sharp and to the point. Nevertheless, as the advertisers say, you will save $6.35 if you purchase the government tract.

What amuses official circles in both these books is the bland assumption that the Kellogg Treaty has done away with the moral basis for the freedom of the seas and, by inference, of the American navy. It is taken for granted that we will accept the moral obligation to embargo a "violator" of "our pact," in the event of another war. Why it should be assumed that there will be only one violator is a mystery. It takes at least two nations to make a war, and under the Treaty both would seem to be deprived of its benefits. At any rate, they would have to make good their respective cases before the benefits could be restored. Our internationalists argue on the assumption that we will accept the League's definition of the "aggressor" as being also the "violator," which is an interesting point of view, to say the least, but one not "nominated in the bond."

In this respect Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy and George Young, whose "Freedom of the Seas" is at last available in an American edition (Liveright), for all of their British bias (tinged with Labour Party electioneering), are on sounder ground. Their solution of the controversy over maritime law—which they limit pretty closely to the Anglo-American naval differences—is the formation of an Anglo-American "Armed Neutrality," which shall respect each other's rights in respect to blockade and shall lay down the law to the other naval powers.

Both of these authors have years of British naval, diplomatic and political experience behind them and they have worked up a careful background to the subject—interlarded with instructive comments and illustrative incidents—which deserves greater attention than it has yet been given in American official circles. They give an excellent account of the Washington Conference and the Geneva Conference, and show how and why the first succeeded when the second failed. They are fully aware that in the latter phases of the World War, blockade changed from "a cordon of battleships to a system of contracts," and point out that the development of submarines and aircraft has knocked the bottom (and the top) out of control of the seas by the British, or any other, navy. Their views are, possibly, colored by the imminence of a general election in Great Britain in which it might be advantageous for the Labour Party to argue that the present Government is endangering peace with America, but

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Utopia College: A Prospectus

(Continued from Page 326)

for intramural athletics, outdoor theatricals and similar gatherings.

As the intellectual center of the college, the library deserves most attention. Two features will distinguish the Utopia library from other well-equipped college libraries: first, the provision of small study rooms in wings of the library, one room for each four students, and second, the segregation of books representing the literature and the civilizations of the different countries into separate collections for each important country. There will be, for instance, a French room, a Spanish room, an Italian room, an English room, a Japanese room. These rooms are to be fitted with furnishings illustrative of the art and culture of the particular countries. Easy reading chairs will make it possible for the student to browse at will and read at random. No books are "charged" to faculty or students since with study rooms in the building and faculty offices near at hand there will be little reason for removing books from the library. In one wing of the building will be provided a comfortable club reading room where magazines and current literature will be displayed. There need be no main reading room since the need of this has been met by the provision of separate study cubicles for the students and offices for the professors in the library itself. Since Utopia is planned as a small college and the library is to be in a very real sense the laboratory for most of the work, special collections of books will be kept within the building proper rather than given separate housing in the various buildings of the campus.

Though the library will serve only five hundred students, the collection of books will not be considered adequate until it passes well beyond the two hundred thousand mark. Naturally the emphasis in this collection will be on the various literatures and sciences. Something like a thousand periodicals will be subscribed for.

As a college dedicated to the principle that the student is after all the prime factor in his own education and that his most essential tools in working out this education for himself are books, the library will be considered at all times as of supreme importance in the welfare of the college.

Students matriculating at Utopia will be asked no questions concerning their religious affiliations. None of the usual religious-social organizations will be al-

(Please Turn to Page 354)

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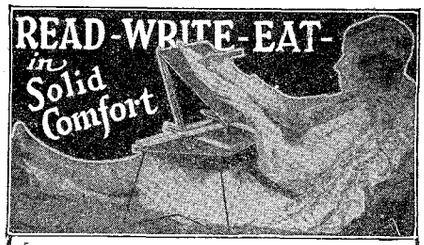

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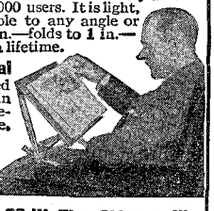

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Utopia College: A Prospectus

(*Continued from Page 353*)

lowed on the campus. The social opportunities will be frankly offered as social in nature and no effort made to conceal this quality under cover of religion. The founders of Utopia believe that it is fully as important to inject the intellectual and esthetic elements into the college social life as it is to inculcate religious prejudices or sectarian factions. Religion is held to be of high importance but to be a strictly personal matter. Students will be given every opportunity to read and study comparative religions and to hold forum discussions on religious questions, but theology will be treated simply as sociology, economics, esthetics or any other cultural subject—as a normal part of the background for any normal person.

No chapel or church attendance will be required. Each Sunday morning at nine o'clock those students who wish to attend will have opportunity to hear distinguished professors of the college, or visitors from without, discuss some topic of spiritual or philosophical import, at least half of this morning exercise being left open for general discussion on the part of students and visitors present. Students will be free from all formal academic appointments on this day, though the college library as well as the laboratories will be open that those who may have important study under way may continue their work.

Inasmuch as formal instruction at Utopia stops each day at one o'clock, the afternoons throughout the year will be free for personal conference with the professors, for study and for physical exercise. Twice each year the college physicians will give each student a thorough medical examination and make such recommendations as to exercise as seems advisable. There will be no required gymnasium work except for those few students who may need corrective exercises; other students will be free to seek healthful diversion through the seasonal sports: tennis, golf, swimming and boating, lacrosse, rugby, track. Since Utopia has no college "teams" in the various sports and plays no intercollegiate games, the stadium will be useful only for intramural games. It is assumed that intelligent students will see for themselves the necessity of regular exercise.

In the belief that students need mental guidance as well as physical, a qualified psychiatrist is to be appointed a regular member of the medical staff of the college.

College professors, it's true, are a strange sort. No other profession in America, so berates itself as does the college teacher. Imagine the osteopathists, the dentists, the bankers, the lawyers ridiculing their own practices and sacred customs in the magazines of the country in the way college teachers for the past year or two have been deriding college teaching! Every one who writes on the subject points out the weakness which most irritates him. Whatever weaknesses this Prospectus for the Utopia College, U. S. A. may have, I hope it will be conceded one virtue—that of stating in positive terms ideas that have more generally found negative expression.

And now I seek the cyclone cellar for protection from the bricks, dead cats, and cabbages which may be thrown. It is a dangerous business, this construction of a college—even on paper—when every one is so determined to tear such institutions down.

Democracy and the South

(*Continued from Page 343*)

joy with which the South has entered into its political freedom can believe that it will shortly submit to fetters again. It may vote the Democratic ticket by free will but not by predestination. That goes to politics purely.

I am in one sense sorry and in one sense glad that I cannot tell those who so long tried to break the Solid South that they succeeded. The South, I fear and hope, is as solid today as it ever was. It simply is not solidly Democratic. The Democratic Party is no longer the particle of dust about which the raindrop gathers and freezes. The South knows now that it can maintain its essential solidarity around other particles. I do not suppose that the same particle will be the nucleus for long at a time. A continuous process of melting and congealing is the more likely thing.

I say that I fear and hope that the South is still solid. I fear because I am sure that the Nation would be better off if the South could forget that it is the South. I hope because I am sure that the Nation would not be better off if the South should forget while the rest of the country should remember. And I have not found in the rest of the country that complete oblivion to old enmities and old prejudices that would make possible Clay's ideal of knowing "no South, no North, no East, no West." But the North is making progress in that direction, as the South is. Perhaps they will meet some day with scrub brushes in their hands and, kneeling down together, wipe out Mason and Dixon's line.

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Meanwhile, the South will remember some things—some things that ought to be forgotten. And meanwhile, the Democratic Party in the South will not be dead. I suppose that for some years to come it will be, in any event, the most convenient rallying point for solidarity in local affairs in those localities and States that have still a real negro problem. I think that most Southern governors and a great majority of mayors will continue to be for a long time nominal Democrats. That, at least, is the correct judgment of the future by the past. The Whig sections, including much of the South, elected Whigs to local and State offices long after the Whig Party as a National entity was dissolved. New England elected Federalists to local and State offices long after the Federalist Party was Nationally quite dead.

I am not saying or inferring that the Democratic Party is Nationally dead. I do not know and, if I did know, the knowledge would be no proper part of the substance of this article. I merely point out in passing the fact that parties have died from lighter blows than that which the Democratic Party received last year. In the election of 1852, which killed the Whig Party, the Democrats received but the diaphanous majority of 51,233 in a total vote of 3,151,715.

In conclusion, let me revise the first sentence of this article: The South will never again be nominally Democratic unless the Republican Party should be, through a considerable period, either very crooked or extremely stupid. Perhaps not even then. The Republican Party has at times indulged itself in both crookedness and stupidity and it never seemed to be much hurt by either.

The Sheep Men Come Back

(*Continued from Page 329*)

fifteen or twenty miles from a dependable water supply and to regulate the course of forage accordingly. If he is to have any fun on the frontier at all a herder must learn about water, when to bank on surface water, when to look out for dry holes. And he must know the grass; know how to begin early with the low grazing and follow up mountain pastures as snows melt and summer grows.

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(*Please Turn to Page 357*)

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With Our Readers

Juggernaut and the Professor

Oakland, California

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

Irony of ironies! The very article in which Dean Hibbard decries the tendency of truant university professors to court public favor not through their teaching but through their extra-pedagogical pursuits is lauded in the alumni publication of his own university, the "Alumni Review," as one of the important public contributions of its faculty.

In the same column in which Dean Hibbard is lathered with unwelcome praise his colleagues are commended for their successful lecture tours, for the aid they have given their State and National Governments, and for published results of research which are "seeing the light in scholarly journals" after having been "read before an empty room at some association meeting." The editor of "The Faculty Corner" enumerates with commendable pride the "amazing number of contributions" which Dean Hibbard and his co-teachers have made "in all fields of education and enlightenment."

Dean Hibbard is to be congratulated upon his honest and energetic appeal for good teaching, but it appears that "the Juggernaut of popularity and administrative aggrandizement" of which he speaks is already upon him.

ELIZABETH T. THOMPSON.

Fewer Drinks?

Little Rock, Arkansas

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

I have just read in your issue of January 30 the comment of Harry E. Dodge on the O'Higgins article, and I can fully confirm his experience.

I have traveled much since 1920, having been in nearly every State in the Union, and I have tried to keep my eyes open even more vigilantly than in pre-Volstead days, and I can say with absolute truthfulness that the difference is very marked. Formerly I saw drunken men on the streets and on the trains. Now one is rarely seen. Recently talking with a railroad conductor, I learned that when we had saloons he had much trouble with drunken men; now he seldom has a drunken man on his trains.

I would not say that there is no making of home brew and no bootleggers; but I see no evidence of them, except in rare instances; and the court records will show many arrests in olden days for moonshining, and many violations of liquor laws by saloon keepers.

It is very clear to one who reads that there are syndicate writers and editors who are making it their business to call attention to all violations of prohibition laws and who demand that these laws be better enforced than other laws, or be repealed. This is not fair. I regret the aid that your journal is giving to the enemies of prohibition.

A. C. MILLAR.

Cosmopolitan Religion

New Haven, Connecticut

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

A thought is suggested by your autobiographical article, "Religion? None."

The author's statement when he was enrolled at the hospital may have been partly defensible because of the usage in the recording office. But he himself evidently was not quite satisfied, for he says, "at times I am compelled to consider myself a very religious person." Doubtless his colleagues in the Associated Charities, whom he mentions, were in a similar attitude. Undoubtedly there are others by the hundred thousand who are a good deal like them. Now, is there no alternative for any of these when asked this vital question but to reply: "Religion? None"? Is that true? Does it accord with the actual facts of their intellectual and spiritual life?

Is not religion essential to intellectual and spiritual integrity? In its deeper meaning does it not tend to harmonize those in whom it is a ruling force, whatever their external symbols? Do we not see the affiliations that it is all the while bringing about among people of antecedents that are very different, and amalgamating them in all sorts of beneficent activities, like the Associated Charities?

Genuine religion is cosmopolitan. Then why not say so? Why not reply to a hospital clerk, and to every one else who makes the great inquiry: "In religion I am cosmopolitan."

We need a term as comprehensive and inclusive as religion itself, that can be used as a confession of faith by fundamentalists and modernists, by Protestants and Roman Catholics and devotees of the Oriental religions, and especially by the votaries of science who serve God and mankind in their research for new truth.

G. S. DICKERMAN.

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The Sheep Men Come Back

(Continued from Page 355)

with sufficient grass and water to hold a flock for a considerable stop. The lambs are born here; single arrivals, twins and triplets, baby things of astounding vitality. Sometimes they are up and skipping before they are an hour old. In three or four days a lamb should be able to travel beside its ewe. The weaklings die. This is a law of the open range.

Lambing finished with, the herder heads his flock for a designated shearing corral, and shearing is at least one more story. There are a crew of shearers waiting; that is, they are if the boss is wise, twelve or a score of them for every flock. The fleece of a couple of thousand sheep is a rich harvest, one to be handled with foresight and open-handedness. The shearers line up alongside an open platform, herder well up among them, all armed with steel shears and whetstones. And then the trouble begins.

The mechanics of rough shearing go on somewhat as follows: The shearer picks up a sheep and throws the animal into a sitting position, kneels to the left of it, his left hand grasping the sheep's under jaw; takes his shears in his right hand and beginning at the neck of the sheep clips diagonally down toward the breast, and so on, row after row, clipping from the crease of the back to the middle of the underside, down to the rump and tail. Having finished the right side he turns the sheep about, takes his shear in his left hand, and clips the other side. The job done he demolishes a chew of tobacco and lets go the sheep. There lies the wool, all in an unbroken, thick fleece. The herder takes the pelt, folds it in threes, clean wool inside; twists out a strand of neck wool for a bind, then, beginning with the tail, rolls the fleece into a tight bundle, throws the bundle into a bin, and takes on another. After the first few futile jerks the sheep sits resignedly, features registering the patient pathos of a good-looking rookie enduring a first army haircut. The run of wool varies from three to twelve pounds to the fleece with seven pounds as a good average for open-range sheep; but Morenos from mountain ranges have been known to average fourteen pounds of quality wool. An average shearer will clip from thirty to forty sheep in a day, but there are recorded boastings of a hundred and fifty or better in a fourteen-hour day. After shearing comes dipping. Dipping mixtures, sulphurous-looking decoctions with vil-

(Please Turn to Page 358)

"Applaud, Friends, the Comedy is Finished"—

WITH THESE WORDS one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time passed from mortal existence—Beethoven.

FROM THE DAYS WHEN he was called "Spangy," as a boy in Bonn, to his pitiful death-bed scene, Beethoven's life was a fascinating one, though tinged with a sadness which was often reflected in his music.

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The Sheep Men Come Back

(*Continued from Page 357*)

lainous odors are poured into trenches or ready-built vats, and then the dippers, in crews of three, go forth to dip. Two of them grab the newly sheared sheep and hurl it into the odoriferous bath; the third steers the animal through and out. The boss sorts out the sheep to be sold and decides on the disposition of his crop of new lambs. If the enterprise is a happy one, and markets are fair, the wool and surplus stock will pay wages and incidental costs, leaving the sale of lambs as a source of pure profit.

Then it is time for the herder to take over his flock and head out for another year. So the years and the circuit follow, as free-range flocks continue coming in an endless and leisurely caravan.

Peace and War

(*Continued from Page 352*)

their observations are pretty sound and point to the need of a non-Shotwellian restatement of American views on the same subject.

In the meantime, all four authors of works on this and cognate subjects would be well advised to take to heart what Bernard Fay observes in "The American Experiment" (Harcourt, Brace):

> An idea, a sentiment, a movement, may, if well launched, penetrate this entire human body within a few hours and carry it away without ever encountering effective resistance. This happened with the war from the very moment it was declared. The Americans call these irresistible national movements landslides . . .
>
> Such a force is at once a power and a danger to its possessor. The Americans have a deep hatred for no one. They are sincerely peace-loving, and are primarily occupied with their own magnificent areas. No restless ambitions or evil intentions with regard to their neighbors are visible. Reason and wisdom appear supreme. Nevertheless the United States is a disquieting factor by virtue of the extent and violence of its reactions, because of its self-confidence and its assurance of sincerity. Many nations are more brutal; few are more prompt to act, and few act with less reflection . . . General individual prosperity guarantees peace. But the animal need of a great exaltation from time to time, without reflection or heed, must always alarm the foreigner. For nothing can withstand those tidal waves.

Tidal waves . . . Lindbergh, Captain Fried . . . Tidal waves . . . Mr. Hoover's election, the Kellogg Pact, the Fifteen Cruiser Bill . . . Tidal waves . . . Think it over, as assuredly sensible people are doing in every capital in the world, not excluding this over-grown village on the Potomac!

J. S. C.

The Theatre

(*Continued from Page 331*)

all of man's spiritual urge as his desire to escape from the facts of his nature. But so far as "Dynamo" is concerned, Christ might never have lived. The God of Genesis is merely opposed to the God of dynamo; and the Son of God has lived in vain. Nowhere is there any recognition on the playwright's part that the spirit of Christ, applied to man's psychological understanding of his own nature, including his sexual instincts, may hold any release or any solution for the problem of life. Christ is not considered in the argument. Nor is psychology recognized.

As an exposition of what is back of the "sickness of today," the play then, is inadequate. Merely as a drama of human life, it departs so far from reality in the last act—where a murder actually takes place before a group of people and no one notices it—that the illusion is broken and even the power of the dramatist departs. There remains only the inescapable fact that O'Neill at his worst remains more provocative and interesting than most of our other playwrights at their best.

The Army of the Future

(*Continued from Page 327*)

losses; he would also give the entire able-bodied male population of each country elementary military training. In preparing young men for this purpose he would lay stress on physical and mental development rather than on purely military training.

This reserve would not be fitted by its training for warfare requiring mobility and technical knowledge, but it would be all right for defense and for offsetting the losses of the regular forces at the front.

"Extreme mobility, to be attained by means of numerous and excellent cavalry, utilization of motor transport, high marching capacity on the part of the infantry, most efficient armament, constant filling-up of the ranks to offset losses." That is how General Von Seeckt visualizes the army of the future, which, if he had his way, would take the place of the "nation in arms."

Incidentally, it is most interesting to remember that he provided defeated Germany, shorn of her masses of soldiers by the Treaty of Versailles, with exactly such a small, highly trained, professional army. Is he trying to prove that armies of hundreds of thousands, such as France still maintains, have become obsolete?

What a difference between Von Seeckt's lucubrations and what we were told were the lessons of the World War! Judging from all we have heard from experts under the sway of the *"fureur du nombre,"* the revolutionary opinions of Von Mackensen's former chief of staff are sure to bring a hornet's nest about his Teutonic ears!

The Latest in Dogs

(*Continued from Page 347*)

very little of the Papillon, a French mite, outside of the shows. I have never seen but one elsewhere myself, and I have an eye out for any kind of dog anywhere I go. Yet the little "butterfly" is deserving of much more popularity than is his at present.

The Samoyedes, of course, are by this time no novelty, but in the light of so much news nowadays of the frozen spaces both North and South, something of a glamour attaches to them. The entry list this year, in consequence, broke the record, and from start to finish there was something of a mob around the benches that housed these animals of the glorious white coats.

Bloodhounds have been a long time living down the reputation with which Mrs. Stowe endowed them. But they are getting there. This sad-faced fellow is a true companion and lover of humanity. He is both companionable and useful, and there are many poor families of the South for which he is the provider, either uncrossed, or mixed with bird-dog blood. I have seen specimens of these crosses in the Carolinas which, equipped with both body and ground scent, could go after birds one day and small game the next. The bloodhound, it must be remembered, however, is no animal for the small estate. He needs plenty of room in which to use his wonderful gift of endurance.

It has been quite obvious that the war had something to do with the shrinkage in the size of dogs. As messengers the big fellows were too conspicuous. Today, however, the unmistakable trend is toward larger and more useful dogs, both in breed, and in proportions.

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